APR. 2,
1938

Liberty

5¢

HOTEL HOSTESS

A Startling
New Novel
of Life and
Love Today

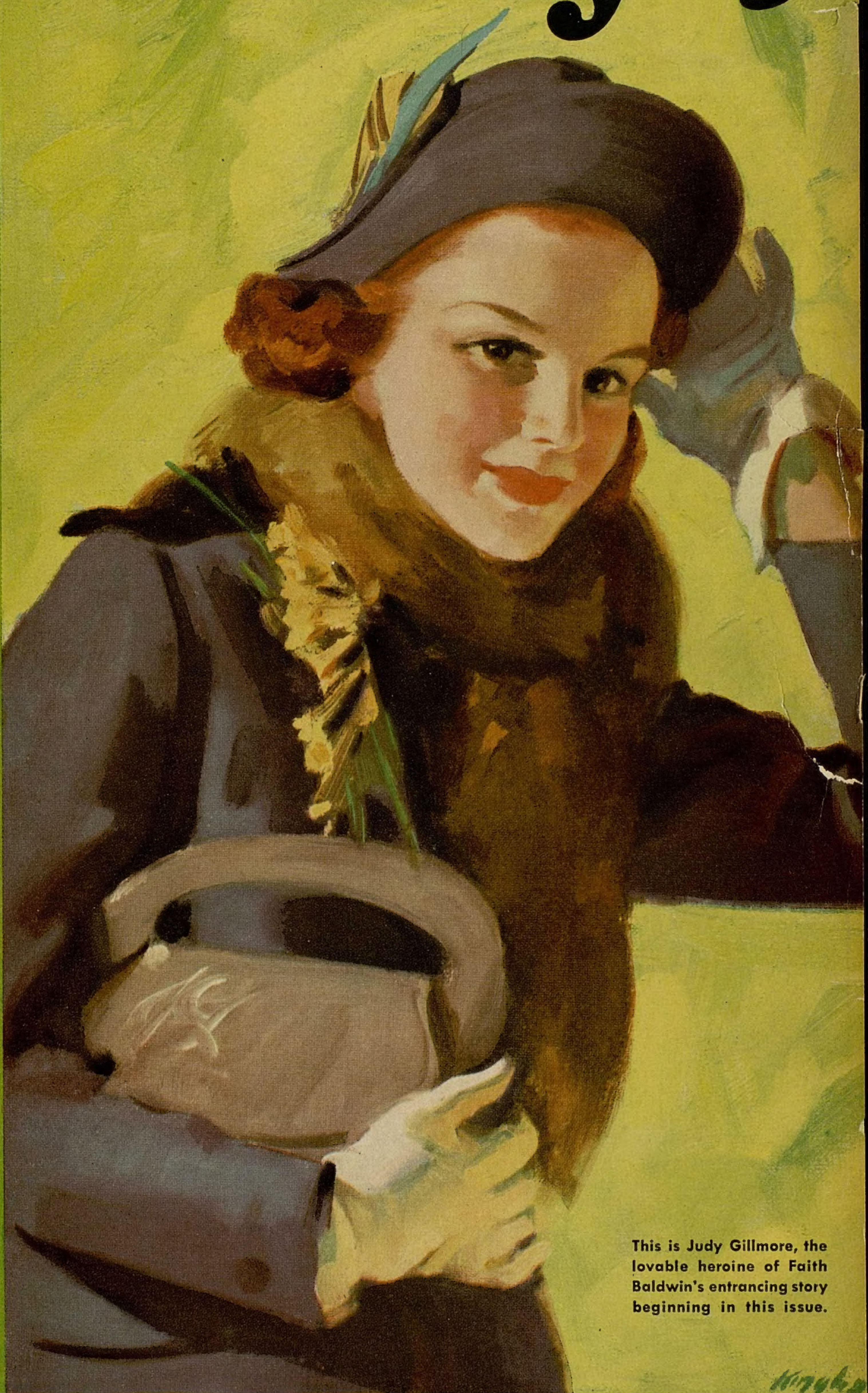
BY AMERICA'S
IOST BELOVED NOVELIST

FAITH BALDWIN

●

Is President ROOSEVELT a Well Man Today?

BY ERNEST
K. LINDLEY



This is Judy Gillmore, the lovable heroine of Faith Baldwin's entrancing story beginning in this issue.

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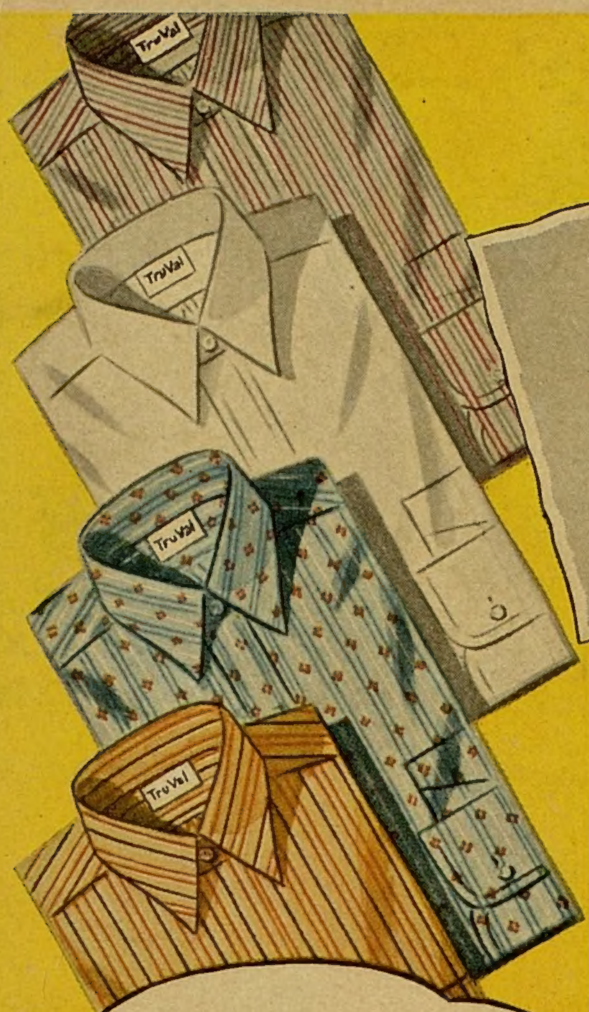
We Present

TruVal

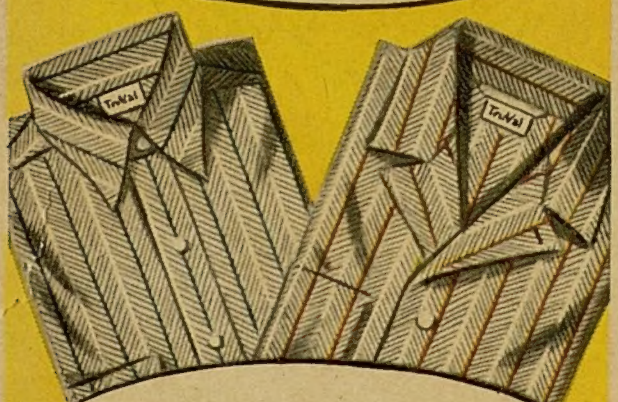
Shirts and Pajamas



TruVal Shirts

Fashion-right fabrics and patterns; with AIR-*flex* fused collar for extra smartness.

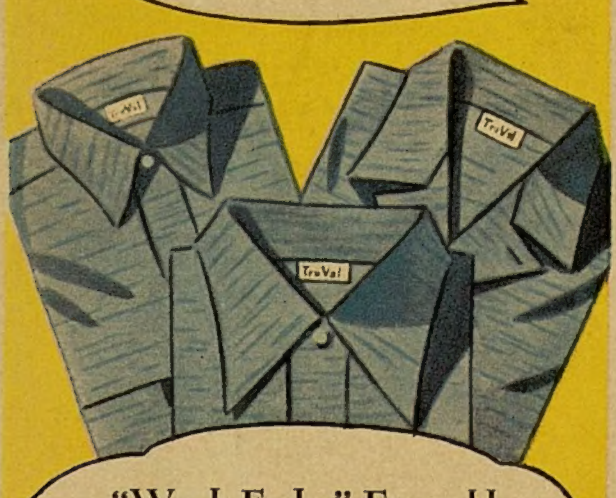
BLUE LABEL **$1.15** BLACK LABEL **$1.35**



"Round-the-Clock" Ensemble

Shirt with AIR-*flex* fused collar. Sturdy broadcloth in herringbone and pin stripe. Blue, grey and tan.

SHIRT **$1.15** PAJAMAS **$1.35**



"Week-Ender" Ensemble

Fine slub-weave fabric. White, blue, grey, maize, Cathay blue. Lounge-collar shirt.

SHIRT **$1.35** PAJAMAS **$1.65** SPORTS SHIRT **$1.00**

To men who must keep Appearances Up and Expenses Down

Only a lifetime's experience in shirt making—plus the great plant resources of one of America's largest shirt manufacturers — make it possible to give America *TruVal, the fine shirt at an economy price.*

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TruVal is presented in a select choice of fabrics which properly belong to the higher price ranges: finely woven broadcloths, deep-ground madras, slub-weave broadcloths, end-and-end madras, chambrays, white-on-whites—*all preshrunk.*

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"TRUE in FABRIC . . . TRUE in STYLE . . . TRUE in VALUE"

APRIL 2, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 14

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

OUR FARMERS WILL NOW BE INSTRUCTED LIKE SCHOOLBOYS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The regimentation of the farmers appears to be well on its way. The Farm Bill, a long, complicated conglomeration of bonuses and restrictions, will undoubtedly become the law of the land.

The bill contains nearly 100,000 words, but few of our legislators understand it. Many of those who supported it did not even read it.

It presents a new idea in lawmaking. Make your proposed legislation so tedious and complicated that it is confusing, and then acquire support from the top and it can be pushed through with slight objections.

And the cost in taxes! Probably far over a billion. Some estimate the cost will be as much as five billion . . . and for what purpose? To give the farmers more money . . . not for their crops but for following instructions from Washington.

It is stated that the majority of the farm lobbies oppose this bill and that Wallace to a large extent must assume the responsibility for its authorship. Doubtless as a political move it is indeed valuable. It will enable the officials of the central government to appoint paid county representatives to enforce their instructions.

That will indeed be a political machine that should become a mighty force.

The old-time independence of our farmers that we have so proudly heralded throughout the world will gradually fade away. They will become a part of a vast schoolroom with the supervisors at Washington. They will be told what to raise . . . when to leave their land idle . . . how much they may cultivate.

In other words, they have given up their freedom . . . they have been sold out by their own representatives.

Money from Washington. That seems to be the great idea everywhere at this time. That the day must come when these colossal bills will have to be paid is given but little consideration. Even our officials are seemingly indifferent to this calamitous spending.

Where is the old-time American spirit? Where is the proper appreciation of the freedom that we enjoy here in this country? We have never been compelled to make sacrifices for the liberties we enjoy. We take them as a matter of course. We have inherited them.

The officials of many of our states should hang their heads in shame. They have mortgaged their citizens to the tune of millions and billions, or rather they have accepted donations from our central government which represents a mortgage on every one of their homes . . . mortgages that must be paid some day by their children or children's children . . . unless we face national bankruptcy, revolution, or other more serious tragedies.

The spirited farmers of this country will resent the regulations associated with this new legislation. With such restrictions they are no longer free men . . . they will become a unit of a vast army to carry out the orders of bureaucratic officials. And when it is understood that the source of such authority is often mediocre individuals with questionable previous records . . . then indeed is there cause for a feeling of instability.

Freedom is rarely obtained without terrific sacrifices. A bloody revolution was the source of our liberties, and for generations we were keenly alive to the principles that should be maintained if we are to continue to be a democratic nation; but in recent years we have been lulled into false security, and the revolutionary changes that have been made in our government under the guise of emergency measures could never have been imagined in the wildest dreams of our masterful forefathers.

If Congress fails us, there is only one combination that will save our democratic form of government, and that is the union of two great forces . . . Capital and Labor.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

Hotel Hostess

BY FAITH BALDWIN

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART ONE—A REDHEAD WHOSE NAME WAS JUDY

JUDY GILLMORE

MISS MANHATTAN had scrubbed her face and put on her best frock, for spring, her seasonal guest, had come to town. The steel-and-stone towers aspired to a cleaner blue sky and the warm May sunshine was like a celestial smile. The parks were green, the shrubs had blossomed, the hotel window boxes were gay with flowers. Tulips marched in pink and white rows around the Plaza fountain, and walking along Fifth Avenue you never saw so many pretty girls in all your life.

One of the prettiest was riding uptown on the top of an open bus. Her name was Judith Gillmore, and as she was a natural red head with black eyes and a spectacular figure, more than one gentleman occupying space near by stole appreciative glances at her, moved by the influence of the superbly silly season and the evidence of their own eyes. But Judith was, or appeared to be, oblivious of silent admiration, clearing of throats, and straightening of neckties. She was engaged in doing something which no pretty girl in her senses should be doing on a bright May morning. She was indulging in mathematics. She had a notebook and a little pencil and she was setting down figures methodically and adding them up. The sum total did not seem to please her. She drew her fine dark brows together and tapped a small narrow foot with impatience.

The bus slowed to a stop and a girl walking along the Avenue glanced up for no particular reason. But, seeing Judith, she stopped in her tracks and shouted. She had a clear and carrying voice.

" Judy! Judy Gillmore! "

Judith jumped and looked down. Then she waved and made frantic gestures.

" Polly! " she called.

" Get off! " yelled Polly with determination.

" Get on! " suggested Judith.

By this time the passengers were much amused and the bus had started forward slowly.

Polly Andrews was running along beside it, to the disgust of irate taxi drivers.

" Got a lunch date? " she howled, and every man on top of the bus pricked up his ears.

" No! " shrieked Judith.

" Then get off at the next corner and wait! "

Laughing, flushing a little, Judith pressed the signal button and rose to make her way to the stairs. When the corner was reached and the amused conductor had helped her off, she crossed to the curb and stood there waiting. In a few minutes Polly had joined her and they fell into each other's arms with the exuberance of two old friends who have not seen each other for a long time.

" Well, I'll be a so-and-so," said Polly affectionately, " you look like the federal debt! But more than a billion, my dear, more than a billion. Let's go somewhere and eat like anything and talk like mad. Am I glad to see you, or am I . . . ? "

" You're looking very fit yourself," Judith told her. " I'd love to have lunch with you, Polly. I have to catch a train, but not until late afternoon."

" Then come along," said Polly, " and make it snappy. I'm dying to hear all about you. Do you realize that we haven't seen each other for four years? Since, in fact, we modestly received the plaudits of the throng upon graduating from dear Miss Manners', back in the old days."

" Is it only four years? " asked Judith, with a sort of mild wonder.

A little later they were seated at a small secluded table in a crowded cheerful restaurant. Polly had suggested, offhand, a half dozen smart and colorful places, the sort of places in which girls of her particular social and financial standing nod carelessly to headwaiters and say: " You've my table, George? " But Judith had other ideas. " This is Dutch," she'd said firmly, " and I can't afford to pay for swank."

" You were always so darned strong-minded! " mourned Polly.

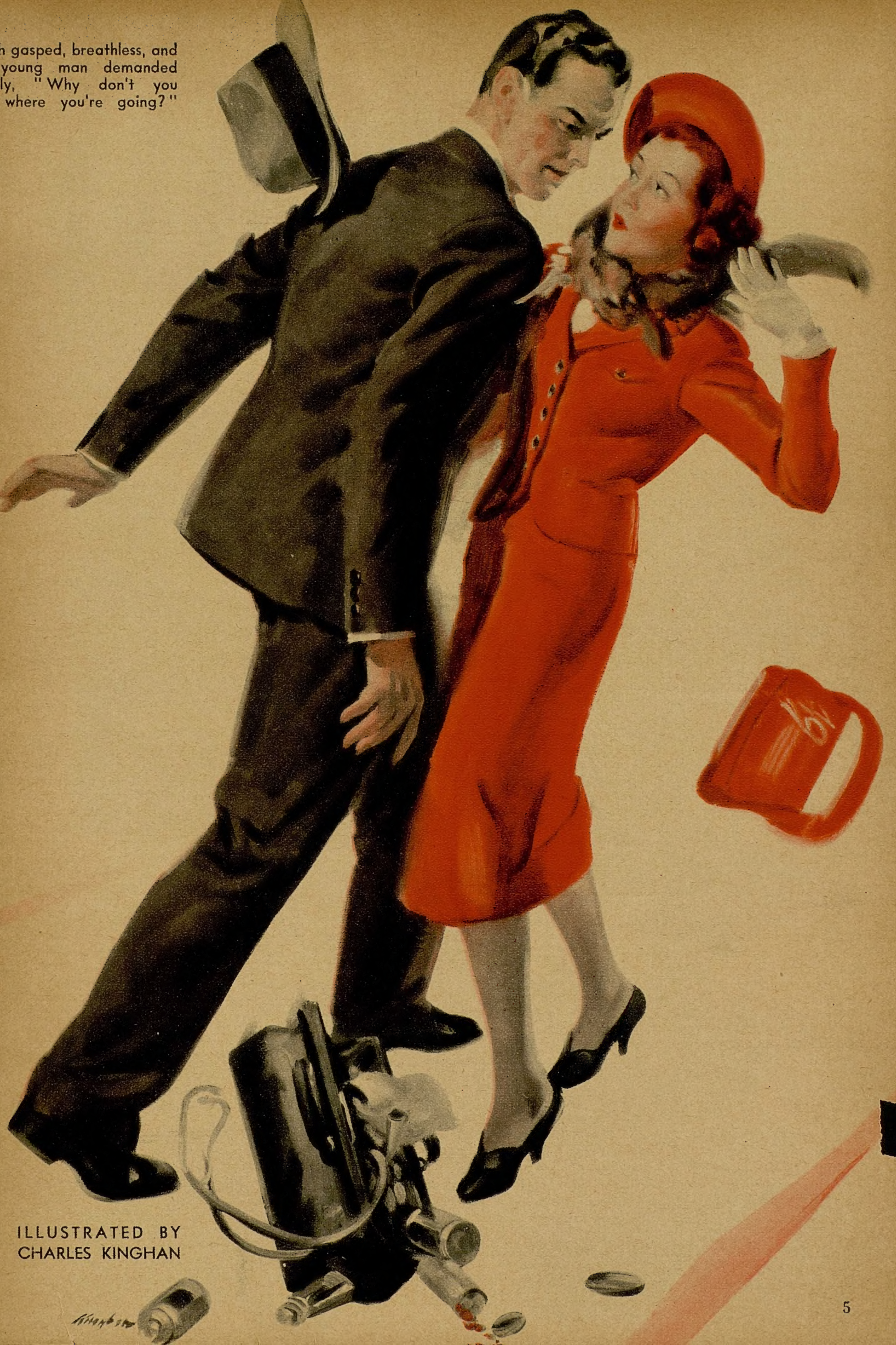
When they had ordered they looked at one another and smiled, a little self-consciously. It isn't easy to pick up the threads after four years. And their lives, which at Miss Manners' had seemed so similar, had since diverged very widely. Polly spoke first.

" Well," she said, " look! Can you bear it? "

She thrust out her hand, from which the glove had been drawn. Obediently Judith looked at the big diamond. She said sincerely, " Felicitations. I hope he knows how lucky he is. And who *is* he, by the way? "

" First name, Clarence," admitted Polly, sighing. " Isn't it too, too something-or-other? I call him Butch. Last name Worthington. Princeton, '33. He's in his

America's most beloved novelist at her unmatchable best!—A heart-gripping new novel of a glamorous girl's exciting adventures with life and love today



Judith gasped, breathless, and the young man demanded angrily, "Why don't you look where you're going?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES KINGHAN

father's business. They make something hideously essential to the motor industry. We're being married next month, and taking a world cruise. We'll live in New York, entertain charmingly, get ourselves in the better columns, and have three babies before, well, '42," she ended calmly.

Judith laughed. "I don't know your Clarence, do I?"

"Butch to you," corrected Polly, shuddering. She was a small, very curved blonde with gay blue eyes. "I don't think so. I didn't meet him myself until the summer after we graduated . . . we were on the same boat going to Europe."

"Have you been all that time making up your mind?" asked Judith incredulously.

"I wasn't in love with him then," said Polly. "There was an Englishman—" She shrugged, and then went on dreamily, "And a Frenchman. And after that the most divine Italian. And then . . . Oh, well," she concluded, "Butch was very persistent. You know. Quite fatal. The strong, silent kind. So a little while ago I decided there wasn't any use fighting."

FAITH BALDWIN

had her first verses published when she was eighteen, and has been writing novels, short stories, and poems ever since. Besides writing, she likes reading, jigsaw puzzles, and movies. Despises exercise but enjoys watching sports. She has two sons, two daughters; lives in Connecticut.

"Happy?"

Polly nodded, sobered for a moment. Then she said, "But you haven't told me anything about yourself. You stopped writing. A year or so ago I wrote you again, to Philadelphia, but the letter was returned, address unknown. And I asked dozens of people . . . and no one knew anything."

Judith's clear skin, satin smooth, was a little paler than usual. She said, "I had the letter you wrote me when father died, Polly, and I answered it."

"Yes," said Polly; "I sent that to the address I saw in the papers. . . . But afterwards—well, I didn't know what to say, Judy. We hadn't seen each other for some time and, oh—" She broke off helplessly.

"There wasn't anything you could say," said Judith evenly. "When I left Miss Manners' and went back to Philadelphia, I took over the running of the house and all that. Mother had been an invalid ever since I was a little girl—you remember?" Polly nodded, and Judith went on, "I'd always had to decide things for myself, you know. Mother couldn't and father— You met him, Polly, at school and again when you came to visit us that Easter vacation. . . . He was completely the scholar, a dreamer, oblivious to almost everything but his hobbies . . . early Colonial history, old glass, clipper-ship prints and books. He expected me to fend for myself. And I've always managed. I had a big allowance, and Aunt Emily was very helpful; in many ways, she took mother's place. Thanks to her I learned how to handle money, how to run our house, how to dress and all that. Then—" She faltered for a moment. Even after all these years, even to some one who knew, it was hard to say. "Then father killed himself. . . ."

Polly's eyes grew grave, her small face alive with sympathy. She said, low, "Poor old Judy—"

"Yes," said Judith gravely. "He—he couldn't take it, Polly. He'd been so engrossed all these years in a world of his own. I sometimes think it was because of mother. She wasn't at all well almost from the time he married her—and then I was born, and her health was wretched. She couldn't give him the companionship, the partnership a man of his age had a right to expect. But he loved her so much—there was never a question of any one else for him. . . . So he built a protective shell about himself, and found other interests. . . . He went out very little. He spent most of his time in his library, or with her, reading to her, talking. . . . Summers he had the place in the mountains, and loved it . . . and went in for gardening too, you know. We had the loveliest gardens."

Polly asked as Judith paused, remembering:

"But the money—I mean the man who took it . . .?"

Judith started a little. She had been far away trying to link the possible future with the completed past. She said, "It was all in the papers. Father inherited his money, you know. And turned it over to a friend to handle. Well, he handled it all right up until two years ago. Then he speculated. He'd gambled with his own money and lost, and so he used father's to try to retrieve his losses. And finally there was nothing left . . . but debts."

"And . . . after your father died," asked Polly, "what happened then . . .?"

"There was, eventually, a small income for my mother," said Judith, "after the country place was sold, and the Philadelphia house. Aunt Emily had moved to Chicago. Mother and I went out to live with her. It seemed the best thing to do at the time, and mother is happy there, as happy as she'll ever be. She adores Aunt Emily. She's well enough to be up most of the day, to sew a little, to go out for a short drive in good weather . . ."

"But you," said Polly, "what in the world are you doing? With your looks," she said frankly, "I would have expected that you'd be married long ago."

"I haven't met a great many men at Aunt Emily's," said Judith frankly. "And the ones I knew . . . well, they sort of dropped out of sight. Most of them can't afford to marry a poor girl in this day and age, or if she's poor she'd better have a job. I hadn't any. I tried, of course. But I wasn't trained for anything. I had a tiny income—you could put it in your eye and not feel it—from an insurance policy which father took out for me once. I could buy my own stockings and save up for a dress now and then, and not cut in on the little mother had or burden Aunt Emily. Then, a little while ago, the policy matured and I had the choice of continuing the income or taking the principal . . ."

"Which did you do?" asked Polly.

"I took the principal," said Judith, "because I intend to gamble with it."

"For heaven's sake!" said Polly, appalled. "What do you mean, gamble?"

"Well, it's this way. I could take a business course and then look for a job. It's a question whether or not I'd get it. There are so many girls just out of business schools looking for jobs. Many of them have people whom they must support. I haven't any talents. I can't act, I can't sing, I can't dance—"

"You dance beautifully!"

"Ballroom stuff," said Judith, "but not professional. Well, I thought it over and talked about it to Aunt Emily. She has an adventurous turn of mind, and finally she agreed with me. The business course seemed just as much of a gamble as anything else, these days. So I blew in most of my fortune on an adequate year's wardrobe. I came to New York, and took a room at the Y, and thought I'd make a stab at modeling or something."

"And?" questioned Polly, breathless.

"And I lost," said Judith somberly. "Models are a dime a dozen. You have to go to school, too, and learn to walk and all that. I did get a chance to see how I'd do for commercial photography. But I don't photograph well. My nose is too short or something. Anyway, that's that."

Polly was busy thinking. You could almost hear her brain ticking.

She said, after a moment, "Look here. I know gobs of people . . . so do father and mother and Butch. Between us we'll get you something. And there's scads of room. You come live with us till the wedding. As far as that goes, you can go right on living with us . . . with mother and father, I mean. Mother's all of a dither because I'm getting married—she'll be lonely as the dickens. She'd adore to have you—she always liked you a lot, Judy. There's a room for you, and you could help her with her letters and things—"

She paused hopefully. Judith's eyes were full of tears.

"You're a darling," she said softly, "but I couldn't do it. I can't impose on my friends, my dear"

"It wouldn't be imposing. Oh, Judy," wailed Polly, "what in the world are you going to do?"

"Well," said Judith, "I've one last shot in the locker. Up in Hillhigh, where we had our summer place, there's an all-year-round hotel, the Rivermount. It was built about fifteen years ago, and father helped to back it, and he and the manager, Alex

(Continued on page 8)

Now DRY* goods comes in bottles

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A Blend of Straight Whiskies
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*DRY—*MEANING* NOT SWEET

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But that's just one of *many* reasons—as you'll discover when you taste it—why Paul Jones has been renowned as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865!

Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A blend of straight whiskies—100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore

(Continued from page 6) Corbin, were good friends. The hotel never paid dividends but that didn't matter to father. He thought Hillhigh was the loveliest spot in the world and he wanted to see a lot of people enjoy it. He wasn't selfish . . . Not even when—when he killed himself," she said slowly, "because he remembered those little insurance policies, one for mother, one for me . . . he was thinking of us then. . . . Well, Mr. Corbin writes mother now and then. And I heard from a friend who'd been to Hillhigh that they let their hostess go the middle of last month. . . . And so I'm on my way up there to apply for the job, if it still exists."

"Hotel hostess?" cried Polly, amazed.

"Exactly. A lot of them, whatever they call themselves, social directors or hotel hostesses, are pests," said Judith firmly. "I've stayed in enough hotels to know. I wouldn't be a pest. And I know how to run a house and meet people. And I can do all the things social directors are supposed to do—play contract, ride, swim, drive a car, ski, skate, dance. . . . I wouldn't get much salary but I'd have a room and board, all year round. I have the clothes for it—for a year anyway. So I'm going to take a shot at it."

"But," said Polly, "you're so young!"

"That's the drawback," admitted Judith. "Most of the hostesses are older, some are middle-aged. The young ones are widows as a rule, or divorcees. Well, the least I can do is try. Wish me luck . . ."

"I do. Oh," said Polly earnestly, "you make me tired, Judy. If—if you wouldn't go on being so proud. This Dutch business, for instance." She looked with distaste at the check which the waitress had brought. . . . "Why can't you let me . . . ?"

"I can't," said Judith. "It's too easy. I've been afraid of it, you see . . . accepting lunches, dinners, week-end invitations, house parties. I could, you know. I could hunt up the old gang here in New York and at home. I could spend most of my time visiting. Ashamed because I couldn't tip much, playing contract for more than I could afford if I lost, or letting my partner carry me. And all the time I'd be looking for some really eligible man, ready to marry him if I could get him, whether or not I loved him. And after a while I'd be thirty and I'd have a profession, all right. Professional guest and filler-in. I simply can't let that happen, Polly, so I'm not taking anything. Not even a lunch from you, darling."

"You're crazy," said Polly hopelessly. "I could kill you. But I think you're swell."

"You're pretty nice yourself," said Judith.

Polly went to Grand Central with her and waited there until traintime. Judith's bags had been checked at the station. When the train was made up, she and Polly went to the gates. "You'll write me," Polly said . . . "and you'll come to the wedding?"

"I'll write but I can't come," said Judith. "If I have a job I can't, and if I haven't, I can't either. But if I land the job, Polly, you and your Butch will just have to come to Hillhigh and do me proud. One asset of a successful hostess and social director is to be able to attract the right people. And you, my dear, are the right people if ever I saw any . . ."

"We'll come," Polly promised, "after we get back from Europe. Good luck, Judy. Step—the gentleman standing outside the train looks restless."

JUDITH reached Hillhigh around six on the following morning. She was the only one to get off at the station. The crack trains from New York and Boston made the run in about half the time, so visitors to Hillhigh did not have their first glimpse of it on a misty May morning, before any one was up. But Judith had seen Hillhigh at every hour of the day and loved it. She felt rested and ravenously hungry. A weary agent was lounging on the platform and she hailed him.

"Hello, Hank," she said, smiling.

He pushed back his cap and scratched his head. His eyes were very blue. He was tall and lanky and he wore a straggling mustache stained with tobacco juice. He spat and said cordially, "Judy, ain't it?"

"It is," she admitted, smiling.

"What in time—"

"Bad penny always turns up," she said cheerfully. "I'm going up to see Mr. Corbin at Rivermount. Meantime, is there any place where I can get some breakfast at this hour? I'm starved."

"You come right along home with me," he said. "My relief's just come. And Prue'll be glad to see you . . ."

"I'd love to," said Judith.

She could accept a ride in Hank's ancient flivver and the hearty breakfast he would share with her. He would not suspect her of any motives and she'd have none. She and Hank were on an equal footing, two human beings and good friends. She had known him since she first came to Hillhigh, as John Gillmore's little girl, fifteen years ago.

"I ain't seen you," said Hank, clucking at the flivver as if it were a horse, "for a long time."

"About two years," she agreed.

"You ain't changed," he told her. He spat out of the window. "I was sorry about your dad and all," he said simply.

"Thank you, Hank," she told him gently. Then, "Things haven't changed either, have they?"

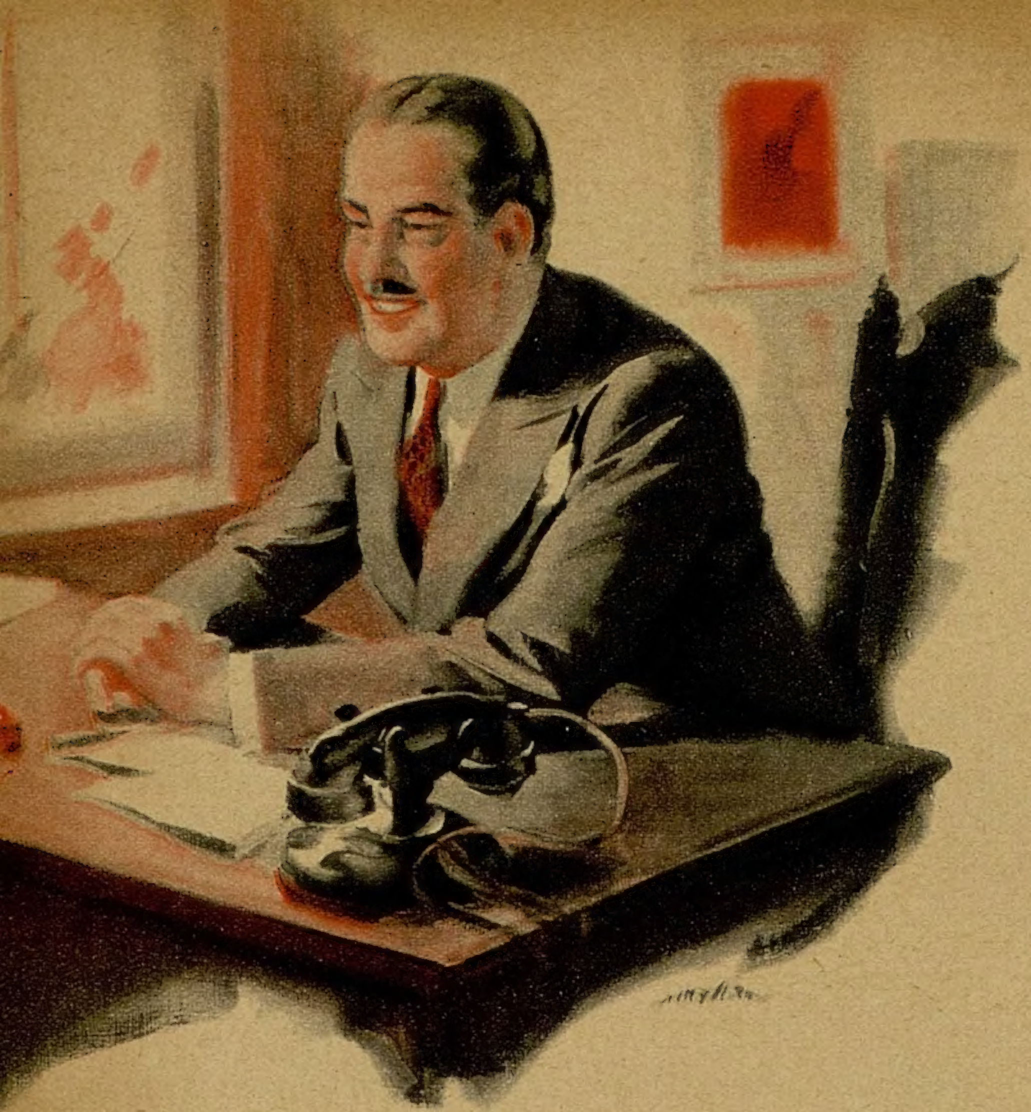
"The mountains never change," he said, "nor the river. People come and go, that's all. Big doings at Rivermount—all year round since folks have gone into that skiing business for all they're worth. Beats all how people will suffer for their fun. Broken legs and collarbones, busted ankles and arms. It's wonderful. They come here on the snow trains all dressed up fit to kill, waving them pesky skis around. And half of them go out on stretchers, groaning. But when they mend up they come back again. It's good for business, of course. In the old days we just had week-end parties for sleighing and skating. Now it's most as bad as in summer."

Main Street was just the same. Three blocks of it. The residential side streets had frame houses, set well back, sugar maples, elms, shrubs coming into flower later than in Manhattan. Then country roads, the big estates, Rivermount, the great frame hotel overlooking the lazy river and the mountains, the altering, eternal mountains, misty green in the sunlight.

She said, "It's the loveliest place in the world."

"You're talking," said Hank.

They were driving down a rutted country road. Hank's



They argued, discussed. At the end of half an hour he smiled at her. "All right. You've convinced me. I'll try you."

house sat back, brown frame, with an ell. It needed paint and the porch sagged. There was a red setter lying in the sun and some chickens cackling about. Hank's wife came out on the porch wiping her hands on her apron.

"You remember Judy," said Hank, with finality.

Prudence remembered her, exhibiting no astonishment. It takes a lot to astonish a Yankee. She said, "Come in and set. Breakfast's dished."

Coffee, good cream, oatmeal, a platter of eggs and curly pink ham, biscuits warmed up from last night's supper, wild-strawberry jam.

"Golly!" said Judith with simple greed, and fell to.

Prudence waited on them and finally sat down to a cup of coffee. She'd "et," she explained, some time before.

Replete, Judith leaned back in her chair and smiled at her hosts. The sunlight was bright in the kitchen now. A big black cat jumped into her lap and padded softly there before settling down. She said, rubbing his velvet head, "Tell me all the news. What about the people who own . . . bought Carcassonne?"

"They call it Bellevue," said Hank. "Dunno as I blame them. That other was a pretty fancy handle. Sounded like something dead to me. They've got a couple of crazy kids, running around in fast cars, always over at the hotel, complaining because they got to go a long ways for a night club or such . . ."

"The Wallaces still live next door?" asked Judith, trying not to remember Carcassonne as she had known it, the beautiful Colonial house which had been so lovingly remodeled, the tennis courts, the brook which had been dammed to form a pool, the gardens . . .

"Sure," said Hank, "but they're away. In Europe. All but Bert. He flies up every week-end, in his own plane. Some day he'll break his neck and, as far as I'm concerned, no harm done. His folks expect to be away a year, so he lives at the hotel."

"I never liked him much," said Judith.

"You and me both," said Hank, as Prudence cleared away.

"How's your daughter?" asked Judith after a moment.

"Rose? She's fine. In training, in Boston. Bill Martin says she'll make a fine nurse."

"Bill Martin?"

"Don't you remember him?" asked Hank disapprovingly. "Sure you do. Come from the Orphans' Home over to Valleytown. Born here, though. Hadn't any one in the world after his ma and pa died back in '17 or '18—wasn't it, Prue?—of the flu. Well, just his Aunt Hetty, here in town. But she wouldn't take him, being a cross-grained old maid that disliked his mother and couldn't forgive his father for marrying her. So the Home took Bill and kept him till he was eighteen. He used to work odd jobs summers . . . you've seen him around."

"Seems to me I do remember him," said Judith slowly.

"Sure; didn't he do odd jobs for your dad round the garden?" asked Hank. "He's a fine fellow, Bill. Got himself a scholarship and went to college. Bert Wallace's father, old Jim, took an interest in him—helped him through college and medical school."

"He's a doctor, then?" asked Judith, interested.

"Sure. Had two years in the hospital in Boston. That's how Rose went down there to train, a year ago. She says every one's crazy about him, especially the women," said Hank, grinning. "But he's back here now . . . working. Him and Alex Corbin came to some sort of an arrangement. Corbin knew Bill . . . gave him jobs to do after school and summers. Then Betty, Corbin's kid, took sick last fall and was operated on in Boston. Alex saw a lot of Bill Martin and liked him . . . so does Betty, they tell me—"

"Don't gossip," said Prudence severely.

"Well, what's the harm in liking? Anyhow, Alex made a dicker with him. He gives him living quarters and an office in the hotel. And Bill looks after the hotel people, at the usual fees. He is working up a practice in the town, and goes over to the hospital at Valleytown."

"He doesn't sound overly ambitious," said Judith casually.

"That's where you're wrong. Bill's as ambitious as all get-out. But you got to start somewhere. He wants to specialize in kids . . . there isn't a specialist for kids around here, not even in Valleytown. If he works in Hillhigh two-three years he thinks he'll save enough—seeing that he don't have to pay rent—to get started. He's a good boy . . . a little quick on the trigger, perhaps, got a temper. Not that it ever harmed a man none."

PRUDENCE, clearing away, said, "Judy's not interested in Bill Martin. I'd like to know what brings you here, Judy."

"I'm looking for a job," said Judy, smiling. "A friend of mine was up here for a week-end not very long ago, and said Mr. Corbin had let his hostess go."

"Let her go!" snorted Prudence. "She went like a—a skyrocket. Lots of noise and excitement."

Hank chuckled.

"She come down to the station with forty-'leven bags and blood in her eye," he announced. "Was she mad!"

"What happened?" asked Judy, laughing.

"Did you know her?" asked Prudence cautiously.

Judith shook her head.

"She was one of these blondes," said Prudence, "with baby curls and little hands and feet. I did some sewing for one of the boarders last summer, and this Mrs. Smithsen—I seen her a lot of times, when I went over. Always sat in the biggest chair she could find, so her feet would dangle. Wore them open-toed sandals and painted her toes red, like a Comanchee Indian. I don't know exactly what happened, but round town they was saying that there was a man there last fall and she went after him hammer and tongs. Spent most of her time playing tennis with him, and golf and walking and all that, and sat at his table. She went around telling folks that they were engaged, and she had a ring that would knock your eye out. Mr. Corbin didn't like it any too well, and there was a big row. Then his wife turned up. Seems she'd been in Europe taking a cure or whatever they call it."

"Rule Number One," said Judith gravely: "Don't neglect the guests for a private hunting."

"You're pretty young," said Prudence doubtfully, "for that sort of job."

"That's what they all say," admitted Judith, sighing. She put the cat off her lap and rose. "Well, I'll get along," she told them. " And thanks a lot for breakfast. I needed it. I wonder if I could leave my bag here? Because if Mr. Corbin won't take me on . . . well, I'll get the first train back to New York."

" Got a round-trip ticket? " asked Hank.

" No," said Judith, " one-way."

" Optimistic, ain't you? " he asked, grinning.

" Either that or crazy," she told him, laughing.

He pulled out his watch and glanced at it. " I'll drive you to Rivermount. Got plenty of time."

Judith shook her head.

" It's too early," she told him, " and I'd like to walk. I thought I'd stop and see people . . . you know, look over the fence and holler and see if they remember me."

A little later she had said good-by temporarily, left her bag, and was walking toward the village. There weren't many people about, but those that were looked at her curiously, a slender girl, with a slim waist and broad shoulders, walking as if she liked to walk, wearing casual tweeds and a sable scarf, a smart halo-like hat on her red head.

She stopped in the post office and presented a smiling face at the window, and the fat gray-haired woman who was Hillhigh's postmistress cried, " Why, Judy Gillmore! " and came from behind the official window to talk and exclaim and say inevitably, " I'd have known you anywhere."

She stopped at the drugstore to see old " Doc " Allen. Beyond the village on the way to Rivermount she saw Mr. Alcot, the pastor of the white-spired church, walking in his front yard examining his fine French lilacs, which were just beginning to show color, and stopped to lean across his picket fence and hail him. He took off his glasses, wiped them carefully, put them on again, and beamed all over his thin fine face. He had known her since first she came to Hillhigh and to the Sunday school. She told him, when he asked her to come in and sit with him under the grapevine in the warm sunlight, why she had come back.

" I see no reason why you shouldn't have the position," the old man said gravely. " You're a levelheaded girl, Judith. And if you'd like me to speak a word to Mr. Corbin . . ."

WHEN she left him, her heart was lighter and she hurried a little, up the country road to the Rivermount's gates. A song sparrow sang near by and a flash of blue across her vision was a bluebird. Gravely she took off her little hat and bowed. " Thanks," she said aloud, a pretty redheaded girl talking to herself on the country road.

A small battered car furiously driven passed her, so close that she jumped back, scrambling to safety. She had had an impression of a dark and reckless young man who didn't look where he was going. " Why don't you look where you're going? " she shouted angrily. After all, he must have seen her for a considerable distance. What if she were walking in the middle of the road? He needn't come up on her that fast, she told herself irritably.

She climbed the hill to Rivermount, and saw the big hotel, in its lawns and gardens, with the tennis courts on the left and the stables in the distance and the golf links on the other side stretching down almost to the watered blue silk of the river. The place looked rather deserted. Just a few youngsters running about and some elderly people sunning themselves on the veranda.

Judith climbed the steps, took a deep breath, and marched in. A moment later she was sitting with Alex Corbin in his office.

Corbin was a stocky man with a broad pleasant face. He kept shaking his head and saying, " I can't believe my eyes. . . ." Then, " Where's your luggage? "

She explained, smiling, " I haven't come as a guest, but as a potential employee—I hope. The hostess job."

" My dear girl! "

She spoke rapidly but without nervousness:

" Yes, I know. I'm too young. . . . But need that be such a drawback? You know that from the time I was sixteen I took my mother's place in our house as hostess, except when I was in school. At eighteen, completely. I know how to meet people, Mr. Corbin, how to make them comfortable and at ease. I—I don't mind children, even the sort of children hotels are fated to have . . . and I like old people." Her black eyes were very grave. " I—I'm sensible enough," she said, smiling, " and I can do all the required things. I'd work hard. I'd efface myself. I mean I wouldn't bounce around bothering people. I've been in a lot of hotels and I know that a social director can make herself very obnoxious. But I could arrange parties and social contacts for the old people and the lonely, I could look after the youngsters . . . if—if you'd give me a chance. And I don't mind being a fourth at contract! "

He nodded. He said, " I believe you. But it isn't easy. You're on the job from the time you get up until you go to bed, and it's often very late. You haven't much time for dates of your own. You have one afternoon and evening off a week, and something sometimes comes up and you don't get that. And it's all year round. For since the skiing craze hit us we're almost as busy in winter as in summer."

She said, " If you'd try me? You don't get a really big crowd till after the schools close. But there'll be enough people in the hotel from Decoration Day on anyway to—" She broke off, smiled appealingly, and went on: " You understand. Try me, won't you? If you think I won't work out, well, then you can get some one more competent before the crowd starts coming. I need the work, Mr. Corbin, and I want it. . . ."

He said slowly, " Well, I don't know—"

THEY talked back and forth, argued, discussed. At the end of half an hour he smiled at her and leaned back in his big chair.

" All right. You've convinced me that your qualifications far outweigh your youth and inexperience. I'll try you. The salary . . ." He hesitated, named a sum, and looked at her from under heavy brows. . . . " Is that all right? "

" Of course."

" You'll have your room and bath and board," he told her. " Your expenses—"

She said rapidly, " Laundry, tips, clothes. Well, I have the clothes, at least." She smiled brilliantly. " Lots of them. I bought them with the job in mind."

" You were pretty sure—" he began, smiling.

" I had to be. Nowadays you must he sure," she said somberly, " for if you once start doubting . . ."

He said, " I'm glad you're coming to us. When can you start? "

" Right away. I left my bag at Hank Parsons'. I'll wire the place where I was staying in New York to send on my trunks."

" You remember Betty? " he asked. " My daughter? She's graduating from school this June. Just eighteen. It will be nice for her to have you here. She's a wonderful kid," he said, his good face tender, " but a handful. It isn't easy for a man to bring up a pretty daughter."

When she left him everything was settled, her heart sang with the spring. There were a hundred things on her mind: the wire to her mother, the wire to the Y. W. C. A., her bag to be collected, and she must stop and see Mr. Alcot. She was happy, wildly happy—and she did not see the dark young man with the small black bag in his hand rush down a corridor and into the almost empty hotel lounge. They collided violently, to the amusement of the desk clerk, an old lady who was knitting in a bay window, and a child of six.

The shock rocked Judith on her feet; the black bag hit the floor and opened, spilling bottles and jars and strange-looking implements. The young man swore and bent to retrieve them.

Judith gasped, breathless, and the young man demanded angrily, " Why don't you look where you're going? "

Who is this irate young man? Next week Judy finds out—and discovers, too, how strange and exacting a hotel hostess's job can be, especially when one of the guests is a wealthy philanderer with an eye for a pretty girl. It is her first contact with this worldly type. How does it affect her? Follow this revealing novel by a great writer in the next issue of Liberty.

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If you have one or more bottles of such blended whiskey and wish to sell same, please phone Hotel 1600, after seven tonight. Ask for MR. WALL.

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Seagram's
Five Crown
5
Seagram's
Seven Crown
7

OUT of old trunks, attics, cellars men dusted off their treasured bottles—whiskies they'd been hoarding for 20 years—famous old blends... the premium whiskies of "the old days"... and sold them to Seagram for $25 a bottle.

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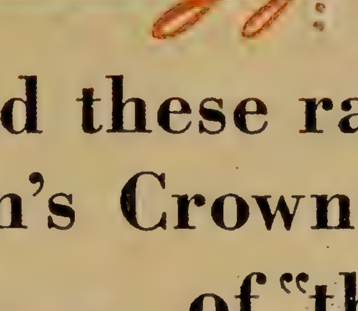
**Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to $1.50 per pint.*



THINK *before you drink*
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

Seagram's Crown

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SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.
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IS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

His temperament and vitality enable him to stand the gaff with a smile.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S physical condition is excellent. Such was the report of Dr. Ross T. McIntire, the White House physician, in January, 1938, after the President's regular semiannual physical examination.

The physical examination to which the President has been subjected every six months since he entered the White House is careful and detailed. This particular examination was taken within a month of the President's fifty-sixth birthday. He had been under the relentless strain of the Presidency for almost five years. He had just completed by far the most wearing of these five years. Only six weeks previously he had come down with the most distressing illness he had had since his return to public life in 1928—an intestinal upset combined with an acutely infected molar.

Yet, according to Dr. McIntire's report, the President was in tiptop condition. In comparison with a year ago, or four years ago, the only concrete change that Dr. McIntire had to note on his records was the loss of the lower first molar. Except for that molar, yanked in November, and one lower incisor, the President has all his teeth. Not bad for a man of fifty-six.

As against six months ago, however, Dr. McIntire noted an important change for the better. The spring and summer of 1937 were especially trying for the President. As the exasperating fight with Congress over the Supreme Court program wore on and the New Deal program seemed to be in a hopeless tangle, he began to show the effects. In addition, a black situation abroad, especially in the Far East, was constantly pressing on his mind. And the death of Senator Joseph T. Robinson, majority leader, was a severe blow.

In the furious battling of that summer, the President was jumpier and more irritable than ever before during his years in the White House. At moments some of his friends were the surprised victims of flares of annoyance. His hearty laugh, an important safety valve, was not quite so frequent as usual. His prevailing mood was one of grim stubbornness.

The plain fact was that Mr. Roosevelt was below par. He was suffering from fatigue and exceptional strain. What observers sensed or knew was borne out by a simple physical index. During the late spring and summer of 1937 the President's systolic blood pressure rose. (The systolic pressure is the upper limit—the pressure at the first beat after the pulse has been obliterated by the rubber tube that is wrapped around your arm and inflated when your blood pressure is tested.) It did not rise to a point to create serious concern. But the readings averaged several points above those of six months earlier.

The President's intimate associates thought that the weeks of relative rest in Hyde Park after the end of the session of Congress in late August, would put him back "in the pink." But he seemed unable to relax.

What put the President back to a completely normal state was his expedition to the Northwest. It was an arduous journey physically—almost as strenuous as the campaign trips, which usually wear out his aides and newspapermen. When he left on that trip on September 22, the President's systolic blood pressure was still higher than was usual for him. When he got back on October 6 it was down again, and there it has remained on every test that has since been taken.

Possibly the "cure" was due only to a change of scene and to Mr. Roosevelt's never-failing joy in sight-seeing, which found superb satisfaction in the natural beauties of the Pacific Northwest and such awe-inspiring federal projects as Grand Coulee and Fort Peck. But, as a newspaperman who has observed Mr. Roosevelt for more than nine years, I suspect that it was due chiefly to the fact that he found that the people were "with him." The size and behavior of the crowds, the reports of politicians and local newspapermen and ordinary citizens—all indicated that the prestige and popularity of Mr. Roosevelt were then as great as ever in the northwestern quadrant of the nation.

Franklin D. Roosevelt fought his hardest fight—recovery from infantile paralysis—alone, or with the aid of only his family and a few warm friends. But he is sensitive to attitudes toward him. He has gone through two physically arduous campaigns for the Presidency without a symptom of serious fatigue. In fact, he was physically in better shape after each of those campaigns than he was at the beginning. I am not sure that he would have been if he had faced hostile crowds and if he had been defeated.

Mr. Roosevelt can stand, and thoroughly enjoy, any amount of knocking about over the country. The steady strain on him is the strain of the work and responsibilities of the Presidency. From them he can never escape so long as he is President. But the pressure is nearly always greatest on him when he is in Washington. It is an incessant hammering pressure which will beat down any man who is not endowed with exceptional stamina.

Seven and one half years ago—in

Four or five times a week he takes a vigorous swim in the White House pool.

Here are little-known facts—about a recent disturbing past, as well as the present

A WELL MAN TODAY?

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

Author of The Roosevelt Revolution, Half Way with Roosevelt, etc.

October, 1930—Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, was examined for $500,000 worth of life insurance. The insurance subsequently was issued by twenty-two companies, with the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation as the beneficiary. The medical examination, made by Dr. E. W. Beckwith, medical director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was exceptionally thorough because of the large amount of insurance involved and because Mr. Roosevelt had had infantile paralysis. Excepting the partial paralysis of his legs, which was the legacy of infantile paralysis, the examination showed Mr. Roosevelt to be sound as a nut.

In the years since that examination, no organic or systemic weakness has appeared in Mr. Roosevelt. His blood pressure has moved up gradually with his age, but it has never—not even last summer—moved out of the bounds of normal for a man of his age. The January, 1938, check-up found the President's systolic blood pressure in the neighborhood of 140, which Dr. McIntire describes as "well within normal limits." The President's diastolic blood pressure—the lower limit—was about 90, which Dr. McIntire considers "entirely satisfactory."

He is sensitive to attitudes toward him, is stimulated by friendly crowds.

The President's weight on the occasion of his January check-up was 183 pounds—just one pound more than the weight Dr. Beckwith marked down on the record of Mr. Roosevelt's examination in October, 1930. Dr. McIntire considers 182-184 the President's best weight. Whenever it rises above 185 he cautions the President to do without second helpings. Beyond assuring that the President's diet is balanced, Dr. McIntire exercises no control over its content.

One of Dr. McIntire's other problems is to see that the President doesn't skip his exercises. The President's regular exercise consists of a fifteen- or twenty-minute swim four or five times a week in the White House pool and a twenty-five-minute massage daily.

In his years in the White House—in fact, since his return to public life, almost ten years ago—Mr. Roosevelt has had no serious illness. His susceptibility to colds is probably about average. He has had at least one cold or mild attack of the grippe every winter. During his first twelve months in Washington—which has a notoriously bad climate—he was bothered with more colds than during any of the ensuing four years. However, his worst attack came in April, 1934, while he was cruising among the Bahamas on Vincent Astor's yacht, the Nourmahal. The trip was extended for a week and the President returned in fine shape.

The worst illness the President has had in the White House came in mid-November of last year. He went out to dinner and ate something which disagreed with him. Before he had recovered from that he developed a bad toothache. One molar was found to be violently infected. His temperature rose two degrees. After the tooth was extracted, he went South for a short outing on the Gulf of Mexico. Dr. McIntire curtailed the trip and brought the President home because the gum was not healing properly. But the few days on the water had rebuilt the President's strength and, after treatment, the gum healed perfectly. Once again the President had shown his capacity to make a quick comeback.

In the last five years the President has made actual progress in overcoming the effects of infantile paralysis on his legs. There is no exact measurement of this. But Dr. McIntire says the President's muscle tone unquestionably is better than when he first examined him. The President handles himself more easily, and walks farther with less effort than he did at the time of his first inauguration. His muscles, especially those of the feet, have strengthened.

IN the last five years the President's hair has grayed somewhat. At times, when tired, he looks as if he had aged more than five years. If you choose photographs with that in mind, you can make it appear that the Presidency has taken a lot out of him. On the other hand, you can choose photographs which will make it appear that he is younger and fresher now than he was five years ago. The result depends on which pictures were taken when Mr. Roosevelt was fresh from a good night's sleep or a fishing excursion, and which when he was a little bit tired. In Dr. McIntire's opinion, Mr. Roosevelt has aged no more under the strain of the Presidency than a man of sound health but ordinary responsibilities usually ages between fifty-one and fifty-six.

Mr. Roosevelt's temperament and vitality deserve the primary credit for his ability to stand the gaff of the Presidency. Dr. McIntire attaches importance also to Mr. Roosevelt's frequent holidays. He tries to get the President off on a brief vacation at least once every three months. He considers a break, a change of scene, and relief from the grinding routine of the White House important in keeping the President in his best form. Dr. McIntire believes in maintaining an ample margin of safety. His basic duty is to prevent the President from working himself into an overtired state. For the decisions which a President must make, even on a light day, are too important to be made by a man who is fatigued or is only passably well.

Dr. McIntire's objective is to keep the President in top-notch condition at all times. He has not succeeded perfectly. But after nearly five years in the White House, he can report that the President is not only in "excellent" condition but without a single symptom to give concern.

THE END

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

Gee, Mr.

BY CHARLES GREEN

HIS eyes shining, Timmy Ryan, from the bellhops' bench, watched Dan Kerrigan, the house detective, stroll across the lobby of the Hotel Stanwick.

That was a job, by golly!

"Front!" called the rasping voice of Mr. Krantz, on duty at the desk.

Four men stood waiting. Timmy's heart made a flip, and stopped, and flipped again.

The four men were well dressed, and had a certain calm, dangerous assurance about them. A lazy way of looking around without apparently noticing anything. The first man on the left was tall and somewhat stoop-shouldered, and had a long bony face with a little black mustache. A white scar drew down the left corner of his thin-lipped mouth. His eyes were heavy-lidded and sleepy.

Up until about three weeks ago Timmy had seen that face plastered daily on tabloid pages. Chris Connolly—nonchalant when first arrested for the cabaret owner's murder. Chris Connolly—grinning through his sensational murder trial. Still grinning when the weary jury had brought in a non-guilty verdict.

Timmy glanced to where Dan Kerrigan, diagonally across the lobby, was appraising the quartet. But the house detective remained where he was, and bald-headed Mr. Krantz, his voice an eager whine, said:

"What sort of rooms would you like, Mr. Connolly? A smart suite perhaps?"

Connolly turned and said in his lazy, sleepy way:

"Well, you see, it's this way: It's raining out, and we thought we'd sit around awhile and chew the fat and have a few drinks and—play a friendly little game of rummy. See?"

"Certainly, Mr. Connolly."

"I want something on the top floor. Don't like to have people walking over my head while I'm concentrating on—a friendly little game of rummy. And—oh, yes; we shouldn't want to be disturbed, either. This is for you. Blow your girl to a buggy ride."

Timmy saw him drop a twenty-dollar bill on the desk. Mr. Krantz clamped his hand over it.

"Yes, *sir*, Mr. Connolly," he said. "There's a vacant suite on the top floor that you might like. You'll find a card table there, and—and I'll send a half dozen decks up. . . . Ryan! Show these gentlemen to 1401."

Timmy took the key the clerk extended and led the way to the elevators. Inside the car, going up, he suddenly realized that one of the men was watching him—a plump little man whose lips were kind of smiling but his eyes weren't. They were queer eyes, the black inside of them all spread out sort of.

"What's your full name, punk?" he said.

Timmy got scared suddenly for some reason that he couldn't understand.

"Timothy Ryan," he replied.

"Can you stand on your head?"

Connolly said tonelessly: "Leave the kid alone, Nicky."

"Can't I ask the little punk a question?"

"You're too high. I don't like it."

And Timmy heard himself yelling shrilly: "That ain't right! Because Mr. Hirsh didn't know Mr. Moore was dead! He asked me to stop him and give him a message."

"Oh, I'm O. K., Chris," Nicky said.

Timmy was glad when the cage stopped and he could get out into the corridor—and be a little farther from the little plump man.

He opened the door to the swanky suite at 1401. Connolly's lazy voice said:

"See if you can find that card table!"

The folding table was in the hallway closet. Timmy brought it into the living room and set it up. Then he grouped the four folding chairs around it.

"O. K.," said Connolly. "Scram!"

He threw a half dollar, which Timmy caught deftly. The plump little guy, called Nicky, touching a lighter to his cigarette, said:

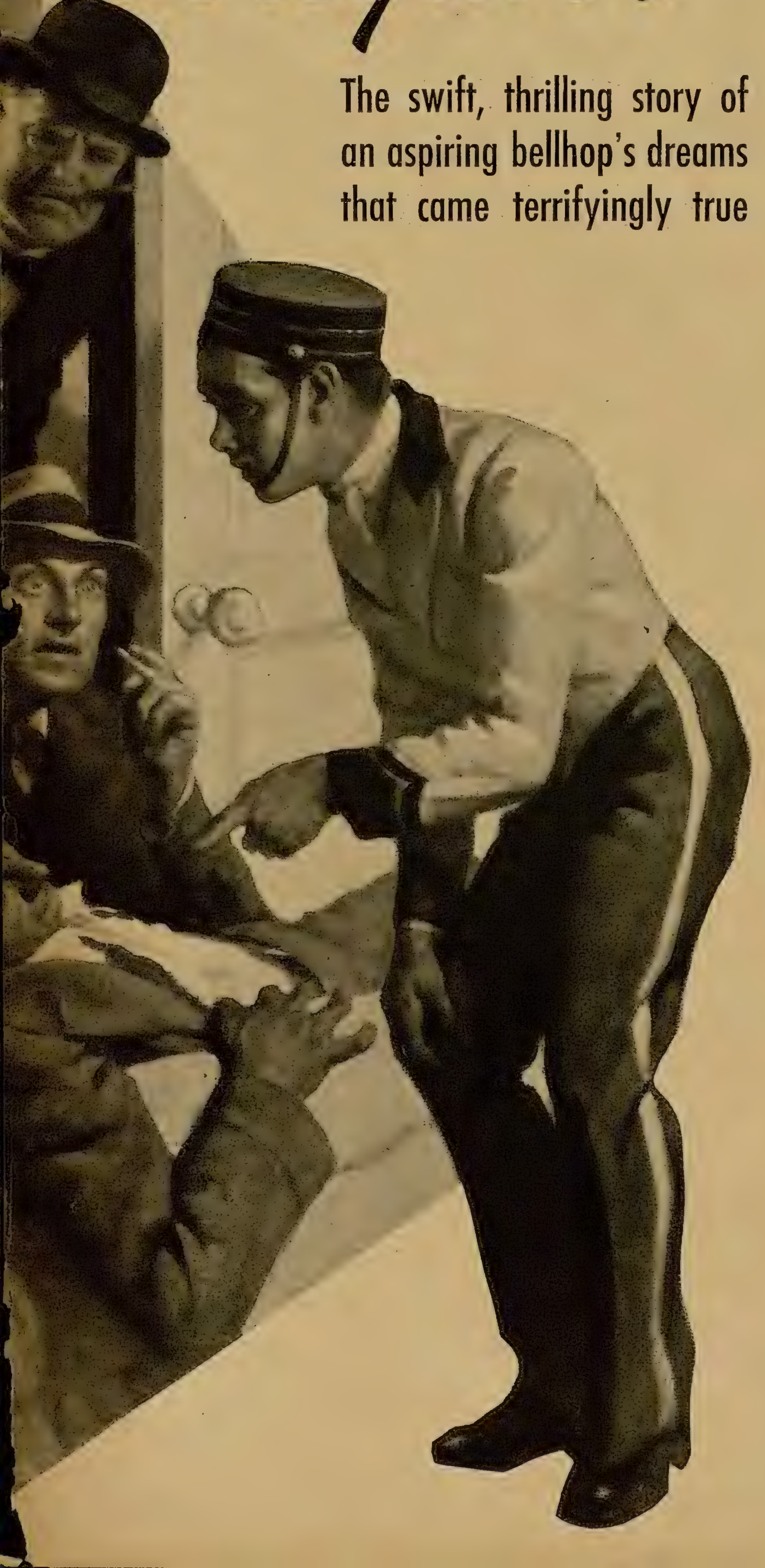
"There's another half dollar for you on the table there, punk."

He pointed. There *was* a half dollar on the edge of the library table.

"Oh, thanks," said Timmy.

Kerrigan!

The swift, thrilling story of an aspiring bellhop's dreams that came terrifyingly true



ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

He approached the table, picked up the fifty-cent piece—and dropped it. Tears welled up in his eyes. The coin blistered his fingers instantly. The little guy must have held his lighter under it.

He was laughing now, the little fat guy; laughing like a girl, his head thrown back. A long-armed, dark-faced man standing near Connolly said softly:

"I don't think it's so funny, Nicky. In fact, I'd like to bust you one!"

"So," added Connolly, "would I. Better scram, kid!"

Timmy walked out, and softly closed the door behind him, and stood leaning against it a few seconds, looking at the blisters on his thumb and forefinger. His face was white, and the Irish flamed within him.

He rode down the elevator, and looked around the lobby. Dan Kerrigan was sitting in one of the chairs now, reading a paper.

"Mr. Kerrigan," Timmy said hesitantly, "I hate to bother you, but—who's the little fat guy who went up with Chris Connolly?"

"Why you want to know that?" Kerrigan said.

Timmy showed him the blistered fingers. Kerrigan cursed under his breath.

"The lousy hophead rat!" he growled. "Forget it, kid. He'll get his, sooner or later; guys like that have got the mark on 'em. When I save up enough to open my own detective agency, with no hotel manager to kowtow to—"

Kerrigan shut up, realizing that he was talking too much; and Timmy, suddenly forgetting his burns, jerked forward, his eyes bright and eager.

"Could I—could I be your office boy then, Mr. Kerrigan?"

And Dan Kerrigan said gently:

"Sure, kid. Sure you can be my office boy."

"Gee!" said Timmy.

He walked—no, floated—dizzy heights again as he returned to his bench.

A MAN came weaving in through the revolving outside door. Hands in his topcoat pockets, his head lolling from side to side, he began staggering across the lobby. Timmy recognized him as Mr. Hirsh, who occupied with another man the expensive suite at 1406.

Mr. Hirsh looked drunk to the point of practically being out on his feet, yet he managed, in a succession of jerky zigzags, to reach Timmy's bench.

"My key!" he said thickly. "Get my key at the desk, kid!"

Mr. Hirsh's face was drawn and twitching—and the color of cold ashes. His eyes were bloodshot, bulging, glaring.

"You sick, Mr. Hirsh?" Timmy asked in sudden alarm.

"No! Get that key, will you?"

Mr. Krantz grinned indulgently when Timmy asked for the key. Mr. Hirsh paid seventy-five dollars a week for his suite; it also bought the privilege of that indulgent grin. Timmy returned with the key, and Mr. Hirsh said:

"Come up an' open the door for me. Never can—find the keyhole—when had couple drinks—too many—"

Timmy took Mr. Hirsh's arm. Eventually, they managed to cross the twenty feet to one of the elevators. Mr. Hirsh leaned against the side of the cage and closed his eyes. His lips were drawn back over the gums; Timmy could see his uneven yellow teeth.

They got out on the top floor. Mr. Hirsh kept lurching into the sides of the corridor. In the suite, he fell into a chair, and said with a kind of panting triumph:

"Well, I made it! I *made* it!"

"Yes, sir," Timmy said, "I guess you did. Want me to help you take off your coat?"

"No! But you know Moore—the guy I'm living with?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, listen! Moore's due here in ten minutes. Got to pass your bench. . . . You stop him, see? You tell him these two words: 'Ice melts!'"

"Ice melts?" Timmy repeated incredulously.

"That's it!" Mr. Hirsh, who was slumping forward, straightened jerkily. The glare in his eyes terrified Timmy. "*Ice melts!* That's what you tell him."

His left hand emerged from his pocket holding out a crumpled bill. Timmy took it.

"Why, Mr. Hirsh, this is five bucks!"

"I know it," Hirsh whispered. "Now get outa here!"

Timmy almost ran to the door.

Descending in the elevator, he told Jeff, the operator, about it. The Negro boy showed his white teeth in an ear-to-ear grin.

"Yeah, he's a nut, all right, all right! Look! He done gimme two bucks just for borrowin' that there wrench of mine."

The operator pointed to a heavy steel adjustable end wrench wedged in a bracket above the control unit of the elevator.

"Said that's just what he needs to tighten somethin' on his typewriter. For two bucks he coulda *bought* a couple o' them wrenches."

Returning to his bench, Timmy saw Dan Kerrigan still reading the newspaper. The glorious prospect of being office boy in Kerrigan's detective agency set his imagination flaming.

Maybe if he worked hard, and kind of gained Mr. Kerrigan's confidence—why, maybe Mr. Kerrigan would let him sort of help him on a case. Maybe he could go with Mr. Kerrigan to make an arrest—

TIMMY'S eyes widened, and he got off the bench. The revolving entrance door to the lobby was disgorging first, two patrolmen, then three men in civilian clothes. They paused in a compact little group just inside the door and looked around the lobby. Then all of them began converging on the desk. One of the men in civilian clothes—a tall, lanky, tough-looking guy—reached it first.

"I'm Inspector Farragut of Homicide," Timmy heard him tell Mr. Krantz. "A man was reported to have been seen entering this lobby a few minutes ago. A man about my height and weight, wearing a tan camel's-hair topcoat and black hat. You seen him?"

Mr. Krantz gaped through his thick-lensed glasses. And Dan Kerrigan, who approached then, said:

"Hello, inspector. Is that guy supposed to be drunk?"

"Oh, hello, Kerrigan. Why did you ask that?"

"Because Ernie Hirsh, wearin' the topcoat and hat you described, came rolling in a few minutes ago. He looked like he was carryin' a load."

"That," Farragut said tersely, "is the guy I'm looking for. Where did he go from here?"

"Why, the kid over there took him up to his suite."

The inspector motioned Timmy Ryan over.

"You saw Hirsh enter his suite?"

"Yes, sir," Timmy gasped.

"Let's get up there! You'd better trail along, kid."

And Timmy, wild-eyed, found himself wedged between those burly bodies in the elevator cage.

Dan Kerrigan opened with his passkey the door to Mr. Hirsh's suite. They trooped in. Mr. Hirsh sprawled in precisely the same position that Timmy had left him. Only that terrible glare was gone from his eyes now. They were open, but there was no expression in them.

Inspector Farragut approached the chair. Stooping, he unbuttoned Mr. Hirsh's topcoat. Mr. Hirsh wore a gray linen suit beneath his topcoat, but no vest. Just above the belt buckle there were two black holes in the white shirt. Timmy could see the holes clearly, because all the blood was under them, soaking the trousers down to the knees. There was another hole near his left hip.

"Three slugs in the belly," Farragut said grimly. "Internal hemorrhage, mostly. Beats me how he could've walked almost a block and a half!"

"Or," added Kerrigan, "how come I didn't see any bullet holes in the back of his topcoat? Them slugs must have gone right through."

"They did," said Farragut—"only he wasn't wearing the topcoat then. Must have put it on later—after the killers had left him for dead. You know that alley a little north of here?"

"Sure."

"Well, that's where we found the cab. Hackie bumped—a slug under his ear. Blood and bullet holes in the back seat. No one around at the time of the shooting, but two kids and a woman claimed they seen a guy in a tan topcoat and black hat stagger away from the cab. The man at the corner newsstand saw him enter this hotel."

Kerrigan said:

"Why should he take the trouble to do that, inspector? He didn't try to call a doctor. Ain't one place to croak as good as another?"

Farragut shook his head and glared at the body.

"I can't figger it myself. This isn't like Hirsh. For years he got away with being the slickest fence for important hot stuff that we've ever bucked up against—*because* he was a steady-nerved, shrewd devil!"

"You think," said Kerrigan, "Chick Moore, that hairy-ape partner o' his, might 'a' had somethin' to do with this?"

YES," snapped Farragut. "But not the way you're spotting it, maybe. Because two hours ago Moore got it too. Bullets from a car that ducked away and left him dead on the pavement. We found a plane reservation in his pocket. I'm going to work on the angle that Moore double-crossed Hirsh on some deal. That he tried to take a run-out powder. That Hirsh found out about it and gave him the works. And that some of Moore's pals kinda got together and pumped three slugs into Mr. Hirsh's belly."

And Timmy Ryan heard himself yelling shrilly:

"No, that ain't right! Because Mr. Hirsh didn't know that Mr. Moore was dead! He expected Mr. Moore to come in soon—ten minutes, he said—and he asked me to stop him in the lobby and give him a message."

With three swift strides Farragut crossed to Timmy. "All right. What was the message?"

"Well, I was supposed to tell Mr. Moore that—ice melts!"

"That ice melts?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's not what he said, kid. Think again!"

"But," Timmy insisted, "I heard him, clear as anything."

Farragut clamped his hands on Timmy's shoulders, glared at him a little while longer, then pushed him away. He said savagely:

"Hirsh *would* pick a dumb kid to deliver that message! He must have named to Moore the guy who bumped him, and the kid got it balled up. It just makes you want to start chewing on something!"

"Is a guy with three slugs in his belly," said Kerrigan, "likely to talk any too distinctly?"

"All right, all right! Ice melts— Say, Kerrigan, is there a refrigerator in this suite?"

"No."

Farragut cursed under his breath.

Timmy sidled to the left and sat on the edge of a straight-backed chair. So they thought he was too dumb to get a message straight.

Mr. Kerrigan would never let him be his office boy now. But he *had* got that message straight. Was it his fault if it sounded crazy?

The two detectives searching Mr. Hirsh's body reported: "Nothing doing, inspector."

And they went on searching the suite, snooping here and there. Then fat, thick-necked Mr. Gussenberg, the manager, came running in.

Mr. Gussenberg said he wanted the body out of there, because murdered men lying around did not do a hotel's reputation any good.

Farragut said, "All right, boys, I guess we may as well beat it."

"And you'll use the freight elevator, please," Mr. Gussenberg specified. "Show them where it is, Ryan."

Timmy led the procession. The men got in with their gruesome burden. Timmy watched the door clang shut.

"Forget it, kid," said a voice behind him. Kerrigan stood there. "It ain't your fault that you didn't get Hirsh's message straight."

"I *did* get that message straight, Mr. Kerrigan!"

"O. K., kid! Better scoot downstairs before Krantz starts raisin' Cain."

Back on his bench, Timmy sat hunched forward, wallowing in his misery. If he could only prove that Mr. Hirsh *did* say those two words!

CHARLES GREEN

Russian-born, came to this country at fourteen. He tried various jobs until, in 1931, he drifted into writing. His life, he says, has been uneventful, the most vivid patch in it being his small daughter, "the most delightful that any father could brag about."

"Front!"

Automatically Timmy walked to the desk.

"Get six packs of cigarettes from the cigar counter and take 'em up to 1401," Mr. Krantz said.

Chris Connolly's suite. Timmy had a funny prickling feeling when he knocked. Connolly's lazy drawl said: "Come in!"

Connolly and the swarthy, long-armed man sat on the couch. The third man, whose face looked as if it had been crushed between two plates, sprawled in a chair. The little fat guy wasn't there.

There was nothing on the card table, and the four chairs around it were exactly as Timmy had grouped them.

"Your cigarettes, Mr. Connolly," Timmy said, approaching.

Connolly took the paper bag, his sleepy eyes appraising Timmy.

"Say," he asked, "what happened across the corridor, kid, where those cops went in awhile ago?"

Timmy did not know why he lied; maybe it was because he wanted to get out of there as quickly as he could.

"I don't know," he said.

Connolly said, his voice softer now:

"I seen you go in with the cops. What happened there, kid?"

Timmy thought, then, that he'd *better* tell him.

"A man by the name of Hirsh had a suite there," he said. "Mr. Hirsh—he come in about five minutes after I took you up. He looked like he was drunk. I helped him to his suite. Then the cops come in and said somebody shot Mr. Hirsh in a taxi. They went up, and, sure enough, Mr. Hirsh was dead. I didn't want to tell you about it because Mr. Gussenberg told me to keep quiet about it."

"I see," said Connolly. "You say Mr. Hirsh was already dead when the cops came in, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did the cops do next?"

"Well, they searched Mr. Hirsh. And they searched the suite."

Connolly took a drag on his cigarette.

"They found something, kid?"

"No. Then Mr. Gussenberg come in, and then they took Mr. Hirsh away."

"There's nobody there now, eh?"

"No, sir."

"And the cops didn't find anything, huh?"

"No, sir."

"O. K. Beat it!"

But Timmy was staring at the bathroom door. Nicky, the little fat guy, had just opened it. He'd removed his jacket. Straps crossed on his chest and leather holsters dangled under his armpits. The black butt of a heavy automatic protruded from each.

"Well," he said, pausing and grinning at Timmy, "if it ain't my little pal! Let's see, you never did tell me if you could stand on your head, did you, now?"

Connolly was on his feet now.

"I thought I ordered you to ditch it. You fool! Oh, you crazy fool! I've a good mind to—"

Connolly broke off abruptly and began rubbing his hands. Timmy saw Nicky glance at the gun in his right holster.

"Nuts, Chris! What's the hurry? I can still—"

"Shut up!" Connolly turned to Timmy. "Oh, so you're still here, eh?"

Timmy opened the door, passed through it, closed it behind him—and began to run. The elevator had just come up. Two old women were stepping out. Timmy darted between them.

"You gone crazy, boy?" the operator gasped.

His heart pounding, Timmy choked out:

"Mr. Krantz wants me—in a hurry—"

The operator appraised him suspiciously, sniffed, and closed the door. And Timmy now stared at the steel wrench over the control unit. The big wrench that Mr. Hirsh had borrowed to use on a typewriter!

"Look, Jeff," he asked the operator. "Did you use that wrench after Mr. Hirsh returned it?"

"No! Say, what *is* the matter with you, white boy? You look like you been seein' ghosts!"

"I was," said Timmy, and stepped out into the lobby.

Mr. Krantz unexpectedly verified Timmy's lie to the elevator operator. For now he yelled:

"Ryan! I'm going to the washroom for a couple minutes. Stay at the desk here."

Fists clenched, Timmy stood with his chest pressed against the counter, and said to himself:

"Mr. Connolly was sore because the little fat guy didn't ditch one of his guns. And somebody shot Mr. Hirsh, and cops can tell by the bullets the gun from which they came. And Connolly wanted rooms on the top floor, where Mr. Hirsh's rooms are, and they came in five minutes before Mr. Hirsh did, and they said they were goin' to play cards—and they didn't play cards, and Connolly was worried maybe the cops found somethin' in Mr. Hirsh's rooms."

Timmy straightened, and unclenched his fists.

Mr. Hirsh must have had something that Connolly wanted. He had hid it somewhere, because the cops weren't able to find it. And he had made the trip from the taxi because he thought Mr. Moore was arriving soon, and he wanted somebody to tell Mr. Moore where he hid—whatever it was.

Ice melts! "Ice," in the way crooks talked, is jewelry. And Inspector Farragut had said that Hirsh was a fence. Mr. Moore would know what "ice" it was; *melts* was supposed to give him a clue to the hiding place. Heat made things melt. That must be the real clue—*heat!*

"The wrench!" Timmy gasped. "He used the wrench he borrowed from Jeff to loosen—something—where there's heat—"

Frantically Timmy's eyes darted about the lobby. Dan Kerrigan was not there.

Timmy whirled to the pigeonholes behind him. He snatched Mr. Moore's key and ran around the counter.

In the elevator he jerked the wrench out of its bracket, and panted "Fourteenth!"

The Negro operator, scared, swung the car into motion. Fourteenth floor—the clang of opening elevator door—the stretch of corridor—the door to 1406. Then Timmy stood, wrench in hand, in Mr. Hirsh's living room.

He thought of his clue—*heat!* Radiators! This being August, they'd be cold, of course. But—

He approached the one huge radiator in that room, just below the windows. The two hectagon-shaped bolts near the top were much smaller than the wrench adjustment. The bolt on the bottom, corresponding with the adjustment valve at the opposite end, looked larger.

It screwed off easily. Too easily. A round black opening now, pierced by a thin bar which ran the length of the radiator. There was—something on the bar an inch or so inside the opening. Timmy groped for it with two fingers, pinched something, pulled it out slowly. It was a necklace of diamonds.

"Gee!" Timmy said softly.

And a voice, almost as soft, said behind him:

"You like it, huh?"

They had come out from the various places of concealment where Timmy's entrance had sent them scurrying. Chris Connolly rocked on his heels in front of the now open closet on the right. Nicky and the long-armed man stood at the entrance door into the bedroom. The man with the flat face had been crouching in a dark corner between an easy chair and a radio cabinet.

Connolly said: "Come here, kid!"

The white scar twitched at the corner of his mouth.

The nuns had taught him many prayers at the parish school; but he could not think of any of them now. Connolly gently removed the necklace from Timmy's limp fingers. He dropped it in his coat pocket.

"How," he asked, "did you know it was there?"

"Oh, Mr. Hirsh told me—when he gave me a message for Mr. Moore. He told me to tell Mr. Moore that he had somethin' in the radiator. Then I heard the cops say that Mr. Moore was killed. So I thought I'd take a look and—and see what it was. It ain't stealin', is it, Mr. Connolly? 'Cause I didn't know what it was. You—you ain't gonna have me arrested, eh, Mr. Connolly? Please, Mr. Connolly, you ain't gonna—"

Timmy paused in his desperate bluff because he felt himself choking from the expression in Connolly's eyes.

"You're a smart kid," Connolly said pleasantly.

And quite without warning, his right hand slashed out. The slap carried Timmy to the chair in which Mr. Hirsh had died. He lurched into it, slid along the side, and would have fallen if Nicky hadn't grabbed him then.

THE plump little gunman pushed him over the side of the chair. His fingers, brightly manicured, darted to Timmy's face. And then a low, even voice said:

"Cut it, you louse!"

Nicky straightened, his hands now brushing gently Timmy's chest, and said sullenly:

"What's bitin' you, Baretto?"

Timmy, rolling his eyes to the left, saw the long-armed, swarthy man crouching with a gun.

"I know your little tricks, Nicky. That kid ain't gonna be tortured," Baretto replied out of the corner of his mouth. "My kid oughta be about his age now."

"That kid," said Connolly, "is goin' to be bumped—*right now!* Then we're gettin' outa here."

Baretto shook his head. "When it comes to bumpin' a kid, I say—*no!*"

Connolly took a half-step forward.

"You fool!" he said. "Don't you realize that I've just put in my pocket the hottest string of ice in America? Did you forget that we had to bump the old lady Jamison and her chauffeur to get it? Can't you *see* what'll happen if the kid lives to tell about us bein' here, and about the necklace?"

He went on in a savage undertone:

"How long you think it'll take the cops to put two and two together? Hirsh—a fence. The Jamison necklace. Hirsh bumped; his partner bumped; we're on the same floor of his hotel; *we're in his rooms!* How should we know about the necklace—if Hirsh didn't get it from us in the first place? Even a dumb cop will see that Hirsh and Moore were given the works because they tried to double-cross us. If they don't burn us for the Jamison killing, they'll sure get us for bumpin' Hirsh and Moore."

Nicky jerked a blackjack out of his hip pocket. Timmy opened his mouth; he was screaming without uttering a sound.

"Drop that gat, Baretto!"

The burly hotel detective stood just inside the door.

"I said—*drop* it, Baretto!"

Thunder rolled across the room as two heavy-calibered guns went off in the same instant. Timmy saw splinters fly from the door edge near Dan Kerrigan. Behind Timmy, where Baretto stood, something crashed and kept thumping the floor.

Dan Kerrigan said: "Timmy, fall out o' that chair! Go on, flop on your face!"

Connolly said: "Will a hundred grand, payable within twenty minutes, interest you, Kerrigan?"

"No! . . . Did you hear what I told you to do, Timmy?"

Timmy hurled himself forward. His shoulder struck a bridge lamp. It crashed over, and there was the tinkling of smashed glass, and he felt something bite at the palm of his right hand. And then a nightmare engulfed him—a mad bedlam of gunfire, and yelling, cursing, and screaming, and things falling.

Something fell on top of him, banging his head against the aluminum stand of the bridge lamp. He saw a clenched hand on the floor near his shoulder. It unclenched slowly, and he saw Nicky's bright red fingernails.

He was on his feet all of a sudden, and his head felt funny. The flat-faced man was trying to creep into the bedroom. Connolly lay in a widening pool of blood near the closet door. And then Timmy saw Dan Kerrigan.

Kerrigan was on his knees, swaying gently. There was a lot of blood on his face. The gun kind of hung in his right hand, and smoke curled lazily from the blue barrel. He was looking to the right, past Timmy—at something behind Timmy. At a point from which a voice was whispering:

"You shoulda—counted your shots, Kerrigan. But I guess—you was kinda excited, eh? I think I still gotta couple slugs to tell you good-by with."

It was Baretto, clinging with his left hand to the radio cabinet. His right hand pointed an automatic at Dan Kerrigan.

Timmy screamed: "No, Mr. Baretto, you mustn't shoot him! Please, Mr. Baretto—"

The swarthy gunman grinned with one corner of his mouth and said: "You think I mustn't, eh, kid?"

"No, sir, Mr. Baretto!"

"O. K., kid. Take it easy!" His left hand began sliding across the top of the cabinet. "Good—luck, kid! Mine oughta be—'bout your—age—now—"

He tried to wave, still grinning, and suddenly fell on his face. And then the room began spinning about Timmy, and it got dark. . . .

DAN KERRIGAN was looking at him from the next bed. And there were bandages on Timmy's head, his exploring fingers discovered. Dan Kerrigan's head was also bandaged. The house detective grinned and said:

"Hello, kid! How you feel?"

"O. K.," said Timmy.

It was a lie, because his head felt awfully funny. It took him a little while before he remembered things. Then he clutched at the bed sheets, and struggled upward to a sitting position, and said:

"I did get that message straight, didn't I, Mr. Kerrigan? You know that now, don't you?"

"O. K. for him to talk, miss?" Kerrigan asked the pretty blonde nurse at the foot of Timmy's bed.

"I suppose so. He will anyway."

"O. K. . . . Tell me about it, kid. I came bargin' up as soon as Frankie Tulio told me he saw you swipe the key to 1406. What made you scoot up there?"

Timmy explained eagerly. Maybe he'd get that job, after all!

Dan Kerrigan said slowly: "You're a bright kid." He paused; then added: "And a rich kid now—since the insurance company has a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward for the recovery of the Jamison necklace."

"Gosh!" Timmy gasped. His blue eyes began to shine. "You'll get half o' that, won't you, Mr. Kerrigan?"

"We'll discuss that later."

"But you gotta!" Timmy insisted eagerly. "'Cause that'll give you enough money to open your own agency. An' you promised me a job bein' your office boy. Gee, Mr. Kerrigan, you didn't forget that, did you?"

"No, kid, I didn't forget it. I guess I'll kinda make you my junior partner."

"Gee, Mr. Kerrigan! And you'll maybe let me go with you sometimes, when you gonna trap somebody?"

"Sure, kid!"

Timmy sank back on the pillow.

"*Gee,* Mr. Kerrigan!" he sighed.

THE END

How to KEEP OUT of War

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

What role for Roosevelt? A debate on ways to peace: Herewith, from a famous statesman, the affirmative

BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

AMERICA wants no war. Not even the Pacific Coast, which, where Japan is involved, usually carries a chip on its shoulder, would like to see us engaged in the Far Eastern struggle. But while the Sino-Japanese conflict continues, there is always the danger that some ill-timed shot, some new insult by a subordinate commander, may set off an explosion that no apology, however flowery, can stifle.

The American people would resent any provocative step by the American government. They have no intention of sacrificing their lives on the battlefields of Asia or Europe; but the sentiment of the majority of our people is overwhelmingly on the side of China. Any arrogant action by Japanese militarists against the United States, no matter how deplored in Tokyo, may fan public indignation to such a point that it will be impossible to maintain peace.

America wants peace, but not at the price of its prestige and its honor. If we should be involved in Asia, we would probably be dragged into a general war. It is difficult to see how civilization and democracy would survive such a shock. One World War in a generation is enough. A Second World War opens visions of universal disintegration.

How can we avert this catastrophe?

Not by folding our hands and doing nothing, or by drawing in our horns wherever they clash with some alien interest. Nor can we assure peace by Congressional resolution. Nothing can assure peace except powerful executive action. The sooner Mr. Roosevelt succeeds in inducing both the Chinese and the Japanese to discuss peace, the sooner the specter of a new World War, involving the United States, will be banished.

There has been some talk that Hitler has offered his good services to both sides. There is no reason for believing this rumor. In any case, his offer has not been accepted. The United States is in a better position than Germany to make both sides listen to reason. China knows that we are her friend and are not allied with the Fascist Powers. Japan knows that we are among her best customers; she also knows that if we were drawn into the war, there is no doubt that the preponderance of power against her would be overwhelming.

Japan knows that some Americans understand her problem and the strong urge that compels her to fulfill what she considers her "manifest destiny" in Asia. We are reconciled to a "Japanese Monroe Doctrine," provided it leaves the door open to world commerce. We are willing to deal with the problem realistically, but we are not prepared to sanction immoderate demands or continued infractions of the few tattered remnants of international law left to mankind by the World War.

More than two years ago the present writer suggested "A New Deal Among Nations." The article, published in Liberty, recognized the rights of the disinherited nations—the "Have-Nots"—to share raw materials, credits, and colonial resources with the "Haves." It aroused discussions in Geneva and in London, in Rome and in Berlin. But it did not lead to action. Careful feelers were stretched out here and there by the "Haves," but were quickly withdrawn without concrete propositions.

However, two years is a very short time in the life of nations. It is necessary for the "Haves" to bestir themselves, but it is also necessary for the "Have-Nots" to use a little more patience. Precipitate invasions and saber-rattling merely serve to create distrust and to destroy the sentiment that was gathering strength everywhere for reshuffling the cards badly dealt at Versailles. Moreover, not all political troubles and economic ills are due to the blunder of the Peace Conference. For some the "Have-Nots" may blame themselves and the Creator!

In spite of all discouragements of the last few years, I believe in the essential principles of the League of Nations envisaged by Woodrow Wilson. President Roosevelt, it seems to me, shares Wilson's vision, but he will avoid Wilson's mistakes. Long before our entrance into the World War, I urged President Wilson to adopt the "preparedness plan" of General Wood. Wilson rejected the suggestion. He did not wish to arouse the suspicion, no matter how unjust, of preparing for war. Unhappy experience has taught us that one cannot maintain peace unless one is ready to fight for it.

If the United States had increased its army and navy in a measure compatible with our importance as a Great Power, it is entirely possible that we would not have been precipitated into the World War. And if, in spite of all, we could not have kept out of the fray, we could have saved ourselves and our associates the

Blessed

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

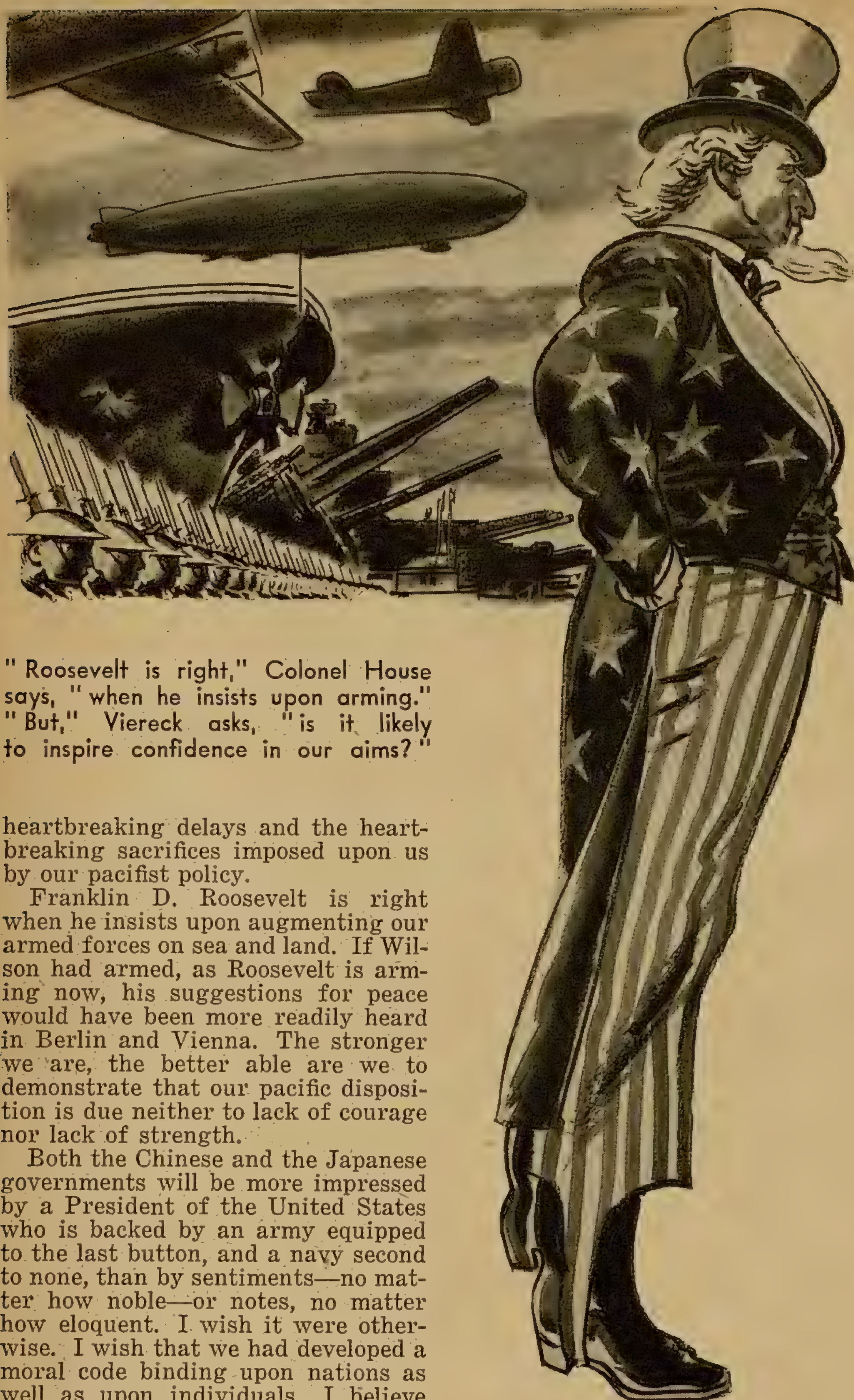
BLESSED are the peacemakers—but is it not enough to burn our fingers once? No one appreciates more than I the statesmanship of Colonel House and the lofty idealism of President Wilson. Unfortunately both the statesmanship of House and the idealism of Wilson were defeated by forces beyond their control. I have the Kaiser's own word for it that the visit of Colonel House to Berlin in 1914 almost prevented the World War. But statesmen dillydallied, unwilling to sacrifice their precious week-ends. The French government was too upset to discuss the realignment of Europe proposed by Colonel House, because the wife of the French Premier had taken it into her head to take a shot at a French journalist. Then came the other shot—from the gun of a Serbian assassin, and after that the Deluge.

What reason have we for believing that Mr. Roosevelt would be more successful than Wilson in dodging the snares of Old World diplomacy and delays? And who, even if Mr. Roosevelt should prove the most skillful negotiator, gave him the mandate to follow in the footsteps of Woodrow Wilson? When the American people piled up an enormous majority for Franklin D. Roosevelt, they had no intention of electing a second Wilson.

The situation in China resembles that existing in Europe before Wilson's second election. Late in 1916, Colonel House and Sir Edward Grey initialed a "gentleman's agreement" which bound the United States to come to the assistance of the Allies if the Central Powers failed to accept certain conditions. Germany seemed to be ahead then, as Japan does now. The conditions agreed upon between Colonel House and Sir Edward Grey seemed very reasonable to them. Wilson, to be sure, weakened the promise of American aid by adding one word, "probably."

The peace envisaged by Woodrow Wilson in 1916 was a British peace. No German government could accept its terms and live. What sort of peace shall Mr. Roosevelt advocate? A European peace, an Asiatic peace, a British peace? How can we be sure that any peace proposal satisfactory to China would be acceptable to Japan, or that any terms pleasing to Japan would meet with the approval of the Chinese government?

It is always dangerous to meddle with other people's fights. If Japan rejects the terms that may seem reasonable to us, are we prepared to go to war, as Wilson did? With how much enthusiasm will our young men shoulder a gun to defend Hong Kong and Singapore, to protect the colonies



"Roosevelt is right," Colonel House says, "when he insists upon arming." "But," Viereck asks, "is it likely to inspire confidence in our aims?"

heartbreaking delays and the heartbreaking sacrifices imposed upon us by our pacifist policy.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is right when he insists upon augmenting our armed forces on sea and land. If Wilson had armed, as Roosevelt is arming now, his suggestions for peace would have been more readily heard in Berlin and Vienna. The stronger we are, the better able are we to demonstrate that our pacific disposition is due neither to lack of courage nor lack of strength.

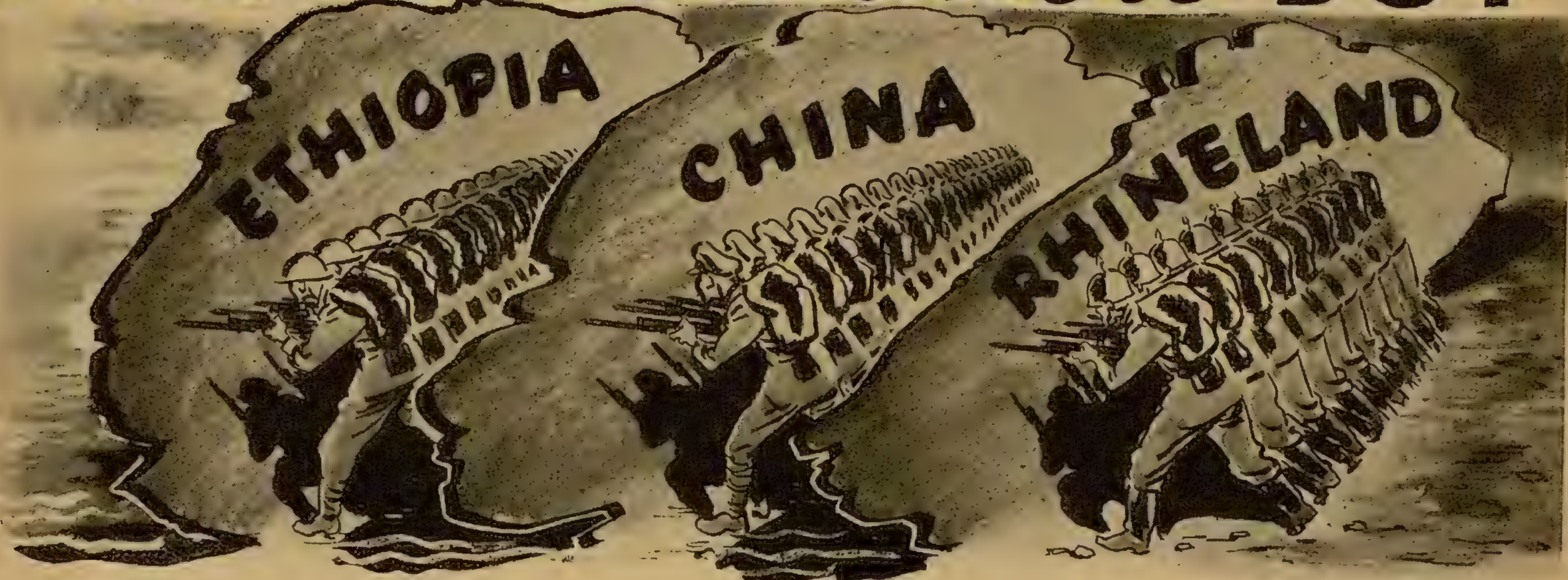
Both the Chinese and the Japanese governments will be more impressed by a President of the United States who is backed by an army equipped to the last button, and a navy second to none, than by sentiments—no matter how noble—or notes, no matter how eloquent. I wish it were otherwise. I wish that we had developed a moral code binding upon nations as well as upon individuals. I believe that some day such a code will be evolved. But we have not reached that stage, and we shall never reach it if we encourage international lawlessness by inaction and isolation.

It is, of course, important that we should assert our moral might, backed if necessary by military pressure, not in the interest of any one group of nations, but solely in the interest of the world at large, including Japan and China. What benefits the world at large also benefits the American people; but the American people have no interest in fighting the battle of other countries. We have the right to expect that no European Power will insist upon hemming in Japan economically or politically to safeguard its own vested interests in Asia. We have the right to ask the other possessing nations to join with us in the pooling of resources and the surrender of special privileges.

Mr. Roosevelt, I feel certain, is wise enough to realize all this. He also realizes undoubtedly that there can be no world-wide prosperity until the economic chaos that blights the world gives way to order—a new order. The New Deal between capital and labor cannot be completely successful at home without a New Deal between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots" among nations. The Far Eastern situation offers the President the opportunity for constructive action. If he grasps it, as Theodore Roosevelt did during the Russo-Japanese War, Franklin D. Roosevelt can be not only the pacemaker of democracy but the peacemaker of the world.

THE END

are the Peacemakers BUT-



Would Roosevelt be more successful than Wilson in keeping out of war? . . An answer to Colonel House

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Author of The Kaiser on Trial, The Strangest Friendship in History—Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House, etc.

of Queen Wilhelmina, or to perpetuate French rule in Indo-China? If the elaborate propaganda that has already set in precipitates us into the next World War (Colonel House admits that it would be a World War), what reason have we for believing that the new Armageddon will be more conducive to human happiness than the dress rehearsal in 1914?

We entered the World War as Uncle Sam; we came out of it as "Uncle Shylock," with nothing to show for our pains except worthless I O U's. The millennium heralded by the Fourteen Points is farther away than it was before Mr. Wilson made his fateful decision. Wilson exhorted us "to make the world safe for democracy." The new interventionists urge us to take up the cudgels for the democracies. The set-up is the same, except that the next World War involves more dire potentialities.

Assuming that such peace suggestions as we may be able to make are entirely reasonable, how shall we convince Japan of our impartiality? The President, both in his Chicago speech and in subsequent utterances, has clearly placed himself on the side of the democracies against "aggressors." That may do honor to his sublime sentiments, but disqualifies him as a referee. What party to a dispute would accept as a judge a man who expresses his preference for one side in the litigation?

Who would not welcome the development of a code of law and morals among nations along the lines indicated by Colonel House? But Colonel House himself tells us that a few years are a short time in the life of a nation. Such a code may take centuries to evolve. There was "international law" before 1914. But it was flung aside by both sides in the quarrel. Even America, according to Mr. Lansing's confession, refused to insist upon her neutral rights for fear of hampering her own war activities when (not if) she decided to join the Allies. Wilson's utterances, inspired so largely by Colonel House, contained the promise of a new international morality. But, alas, his Fourteen Points fell one by one under the table at the Peace Conference.

Colonel House urges patience upon the "Have-Nots." To me it seems that they have been extraordinarily patient. Italy, cheated out of the reward promised her in the secret treaties of London, waited nearly twenty years. Then she acted, and Mussolini's Black Shirts marched into Ethiopia. Germany, promised universal disarmament, besought year after year the victor nations to redeem their undertaking. But no one paid the slightest attention. So she marched into the Rhineland and dusted off her Big Berthas. Japan subdued her territorial ambitions in deference to world opinion, but hunger for land and bread cannot wait indefinitely. Manchukuo and the invasion of China are her answer to the evasions of the "Haves."

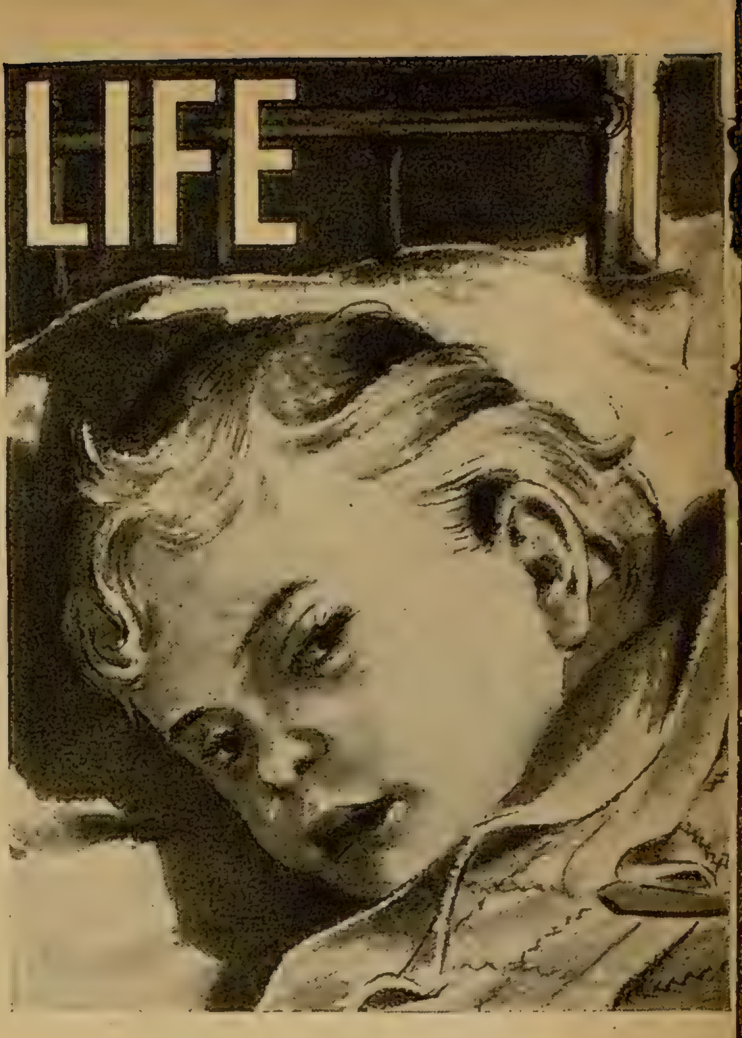
An international arms race has ensued. We, too, must arm. The richest and least beloved of countries must be prepared to defend itself. But is an ostentatious armament program, however essential to our welfare, likely to inspire Japan and Japan's Fascist friends with confidence in our desire for unselfish justice? Coming on the heels of Britain's enormous expenditures for rearmament, it smacks too much of "parallel action"—the alias invented by the interventionists to camouflage an entangling alliance.

It may be possible to overcome all these difficulties. If the negotiations were in the experienced hands of Colonel House, his eloquence would be reinforced by the realistic consideration that Japan, like Germany in the World War, has bitten off more than she can chew. But can Japan, having staked her all, accept a few crumbs from the rich man's table? There is no indication at present that the "Haves" are willing to give up even their crumbs to the "Have-Nots." They may be willing to give Japan *American* credits, *Dutch* oil, and *Chinese* provinces, but are they prepared to make a single sacrifice of their own? Do they recognize that the world has changed, that Asia is no longer the pawn of Europe but a great continent, harboring proud and powerful nations? Japan considers herself the equal of any of the Great Powers. China no longer cares to be patronized. The world center of gravity is shifting from Europe.

Are we ready to acknowledge these facts? Are we ready to deal with the Chinese, the Japanese, the Mongols, as equals and with the respect their strength and their culture deserve? If not, we had better keep our ships at home and our powder dry, without attempting to enforce either our peace or our pace upon others.

THE END

Was This Child's LIFE



A child tosses feverishly on an iron bed

The extraordinary, fully authenticated story of a modern 'miracle'.. Have your appeals been answered?

BY BARBARA MACLAREN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU."

There are those who say that we are living in a pagan world. Men in high places proclaim this view and, for their own purposes, seek to impose it on great peoples. Even among those who abhor such iconoclasm, there is sometimes a notion that daily communion with the Almighty is no longer a vital requisite of human happiness and accomplishment.

The editors of Liberty believe that, in this country at least, the proclaimers and acceptors of these views constitute an obscure minority. They believe that far more than half of our American people bow their heads each night in prayer to God. They believe, moreover, that the great majority of those who pray feel that they have received indisputable evidence that their prayers have been answered.

Haven't you, in your hours of great need, turned instinctively, almost automatically, to God?

Haven't you asked Him to help you solve some problem which you yourself had tried in vain to solve?

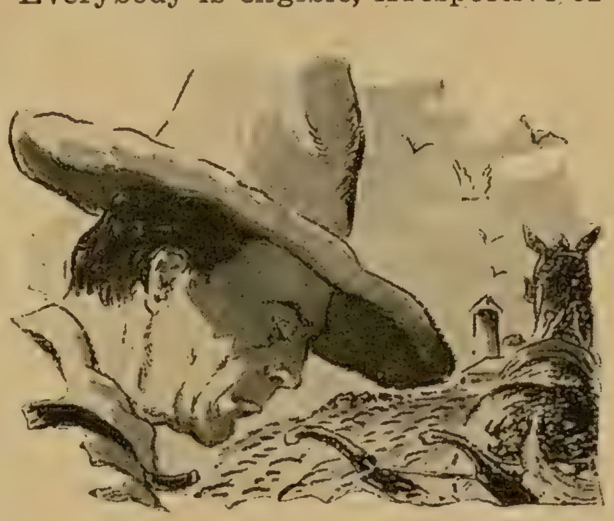
And haven't you, often immediately, found the solution which, unaided, you could not find?

That there is such a thing as answered prayer in modern life has been proved on a large scale and over a number of years by the extraordinary activities of a special group of believers, who are scattered geographically from coast to coast, but who are united spiritually in an unselfish effort to help others obtain prompt and effective answers to their cries for help.

The members of this unique league for prayer are typical Americans in all walks of life and of all denominations and creeds, who have pledged themselves to give one minute each day to a united effort to reach the ear of God for the special benefit of some one person who has asked them for their aid. And the requests for help which come to their prayer headquarters are as varied as the people who make up the company who pray.

Some plead for sickness to be healed; some for desperately needed work; some for money with which to meet hard-pressing debts; some for fruitful crops. Some ask for greater understanding of the spiritual life; some for the birth of a child; some, safety while traveling; some, the return of a loved one; some, peace in the home.

There are, as we understand it, no rules or conditions attached to these friendly people's offers of service. Everybody is eligible, irrespective of creed, color, or race. No boundary lines exist between members or suppliants. And, unlike the prayer wheels of the Orient, where prayers are printed and sold, the prayers of this modern league are given without demand or expectation of recompense.



The plowman stands with bowed head.

For example:

IN a small frame house sitting stark and square beside a lonely country road, an anxious mother paces up and down the one room which is her home. Her troubled eyes follow a monotonous pattern from the feverish face of the small child that lies sick on the iron bed to the cheap alarm clock that stands on the oilcloth-covered table to the open door that faces the flat, endless plains of Kansas.

At last! A cloud of dust on the near horizon. The rural letter carrier in his shaking flivver. She rushes out to intercept him before he reaches the tin box on the wooden post. Yes, he is slowing down. The letter—*the* letter—drops at her feet. The league has heard her call for help, and has written to tell her that at a given hour that very day perhaps a hundred people all over the land will pray for God's help in this, her extremity.

"Three o'clock," the letter says—and a momentary expression of almost spiritual beauty diffuses the worn and tired face; for already the minutes have dragged themselves along, until now it is five minutes to three.

As the minute hand reaches the hour, that mother in Kansas drops to her knees; and at that very moment, in the middle of a furrowed field on a New Hampshire farm, a plowman shouts, "Whoa!" to a team of handsome roan horses.

"It's time, Jake," a woman's voice calls through the fresh spring air.

The farmer waves his hand to show that he has heard. Then, still holding the reins, he stands for sixty seconds with bowed head beside his plow.

But not all who pray are rural folk.

In Hollywood, a cameraman is turning the crank on a scene which has been taken and retaken since early morning. The blonde heroine, emerging at last from her attack of the artistic-temperament blues—"hysties" the cameraman from Texas calls them—is now doing a swell job.

"Cut!"

Another perfect scene has been added to a potential four-star picture.

But, looking up at the overhanging crane, the director observes that the cameraman is still perched on his precarious seat—his head bowed, his eyes hidden—a silent, reverent figure.

"Gosh!" he ejaculates. "Must have been a honey to have moved even hard-boiled Pete!"

In a big store in Philadelphia, a weary shopgirl is staggering through those last seemingly interminable moments before the arrival of the girl who is to relieve her.

"Yes, ma'am, just a moment. I'll wait on you just as soon as I'm through with this lady. Yes, I know you've been waiting a long time. Your

Saved by PRAYER?

n a homestead on the Kansas plains.

change, ma'am, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty cents, ninety, a dollar. Thank you very much. Good day. . . . Now, ma'am, what is it you would like? . . . A spool of white thread, number sixty. Yes, ma'am. That'll be ten cents. Is this the smallest you have? Just a moment."

During the long wait the scrawny young woman glances anxiously up at the big clock, then with smiling relief at round-faced Molly who has come to take her place.

The cameraman is silent, reverent.

"Here we are, ma'am!" she cries joyously. "Fifteen, twenty-five, fifty, one dollar—two, three, four, five dollars. Thank you, ma'am. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Good afternoon."

Off duty at last, and just in time, the Philadelphia shopgirl now stands, cigarette in hand, but with bowed head, by the open window of the employees' rest room. She is not looking down at the hopelessly jammed traffic of Chestnut Street. For one uninterrupted moment she has closed her eyes in prayer for that sick child in the Kansas homestead.

In the foothills of the Rockies, at this same moment, a bronzed horseman reins in his pinto beneath a clump of trees. His eyes, trained in Nature's lore, observe the shadows cast by the afternoon sun.

"Just about the right time," he murmurs.

And the wild lilac falls like snow on his uncovered head as he sits in his saddle amid the lonely dignity of the Western hills, and, with head bent low, closes his eyes for a silent minute before clattering back down the stony trail to the ranch house.

"Noo Yawk! Noo Yawk! Mohawk 8-8360? Just a moment, please. Mohawk 8-8360? Long distance calling. Go ahead, please. There's your party."

The long-distance operator's eyes go quickly to the big electric clock on the wall.

It is four o'clock in the biggest city's biggest central station—which means that it is three o'clock in the little square house in Kansas.

"Look, Jenny," she whispers to the girl on her right. "Plug the lights on my board for a minute."

She takes off her headphone and lays it on the board in front of her, and for a full minute presses her fingers over her eyes as if to shut out the flickering of lights that blaze incessantly along the giant switchboard, so that she may see more clearly the Light that never flickers, never fails.

A quiet little antique shop on Route 28 has done a good bit of business, considering that it is not yet summer and the regular tourist season has not begun. A huge copper caldron to serve as a wastebasket for a famous editor. A Paisley shawl which once adorned the shoulders of a beautiful woman of the '90s and will now adorn the shoulders of a beautiful lady of the '30s. Two lamps for a refugee from electricity. A sampler about thrift and hospitality.

Not bad! Yet it is not of material blessings that the kindly old keeper of the shop is thinking as he glances at the little modern chromium timepiece which stands so anachronistically on a Duncan Phyfe table beside a rare and costly but less reliable grandfather clock.

"It's time now, mother," he announces gently, as he rises to join his placid wife in the little living room behind the shop.

There, beside a cradle that has long been empty—one antique which will remain forever theirs—they kneel together, while tears roll down their cheeks, as their own sad memories of a boy who died give passionate sincerity to their prayers for another little child in another little bed in a house on the Kansas plains.

And back in that Kansas sickroom, when these and nearly a hundred others have finished with their praying, the anxious mother resumes her watch.

Night comes, and for the first time in two weeks the child's temperature does not rise. The morrow comes, and with it the doctor. He makes the usual careful examination—temperature, pulse, respiration.

Then he rises and turns to the waiting mother.

"This is miraculous, Mrs. Baker! All trace of the child's fever has left her. What have you been doing to accomplish this miracle?"

"Just praying, doctor," the mother answers.

"Then your prayer has been answered," he says solemnly, as he prepares to depart on his merciful way.

Her prayer *had* been answered.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Fantastic, you say! Impossible! Miracles don't happen in this modern age! Perhaps not. But millions believe prayers do get answered.

This is a typical story of a typical woman and a typical need. The league's files are packed with letters from such people, both men and women, which testify beyond questioning to the marvelous power of prayer.

But our chief interest in these pages is not in those who feel the need of human collaboration in their communion with God. We are especially concerned with those who feel a power *within their own hearts* which gives strength and volume to their prayers.

If you are that kind of person, if you are *any* kind of prayerful person, and if you will give a specific example of a case in which your appeal has been answered, we shall be glad to receive and, if possible, to print your experience.

THE END

With wet eyes, they pray together.

No More Together

Of romance lost and found.. A lively, engaging tale of love and that unpredictable thing, the way of a woman's heart

BY LEONIE MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

PEOPLE said about Sally Trent that she was a grand girl, but it was a pity about Derek, because you could see he didn't mean to do a thing about marrying her. She was a small dark girl who wore exciting black clothes and she loved Derek quite recklessly. She loved him so much that she could sit and watch him and think ridiculously, I love him . . . I love him. I love his anklebone and his fingernails and the way he ties his ties. And she didn't love him any the less after three long years.

He'd been frank with her from the very start—from the moment he had kissed her in the moonlight and rubbed his cheek against the shining wings of her hair. He'd said:

"You're nice to kiss, Sally."

And she had said, a little huskily:

"I love you, Derek." Because she had been brought up to think that if a young man kissed you that way in the moonlight he loved you too.

And then he had held her at arm's length, and his long slim fingers had pressed into the flesh above her elbows.

"You mustn't love me, Sally," he had said, and his eyes were dark and unhappy in his thin, sensitive face. "You mustn't get hurt, Sally."

Her lip had trembled a little, but her chin was held high and her eyes were full of courage.

She asked him exactly what he meant.

He told her.

"I'm probably doing the silliest thing in my life, darling," he said, "in not marrying you here and now. I shall probably live to regret it, but I can't do it. I don't believe I've got it in my nature to be faithful to one woman all my life, and I'm not taking any chances."

Her voice was very small and cool when she answered him.

"I see," she said. "Well, I'll take all the chances. I won't expect marriage—ever, Derek. You'll let me know you as long as you want me. I'm not fooling and I've got my eyes open."

His arms went round her slim body, and in that moment he very nearly forgot his principles and the course he believed to be right for him.

"You're so sweet," he whispered, and he kissed her again.

And so it had started, and as long as Sally could forget that it wasn't going on forever she was happy.

Surprisingly, he found her completely satisfying. She was clever and she was amusing and she was a good deal better companion than most of the men he knew. But he never fell in love with her.

Perhaps she would have been happier if she had known how much that worried him. How he fought with himself and tried to find out where she failed to arouse that one emotion . . . and couldn't find out at all.

It was one of those extraordinary cases where everything was perfect. Where everything was there except that one vital spark.

And then Sally was twenty-six and halfway toward being twenty-seven, and people had begun to say, half pityingly, half curiously, "When are you and Derek getting married, Sally?"

Except in those clear cold moments of self-analysis, Sally always believed that he would marry her eventually. She knew him so well, his complex nervous nature, that she could understand that he wouldn't admit to himself that he loved her. But she thought she would win in the end. She thought that the ties she had made between them . . . the tastes they shared . . . the fun they had had . . . would count too much to be broken.

It wasn't until she met Alan that she knew, once and for all, that she was wrong and that Derek would always be . . . Derek.

She met him—on a cold November day, with the tugs hooting dismally on the Embankment and the wind chasing litter around the corners—because he wanted her to do the drawings for a new advertising campaign he was planning.

He took her out to lunch to discuss the type of work he wanted, and she was conscious of the quiet air of luxury he created. The lamplight of the luncheon table shone on his viking-blond hair, and she knew he had the nicest voice she had ever heard.

Crumbling her roll between her fingers, she was terribly conscious that he was the kindest person she had ever met. His courtesy was not unthinking or conventional. It was kindness. He helped her out of her coat because he wanted to, not because it was the thing to do. She didn't quite know how she knew it, but it *was* so.

She told Derek about him that evening when they met.

"I've got a new boy friend," she said, laughing at him. "Very blond and large and handsome. Jealous?"

He laughed. "What's his name?" he said.

"Alan Hamlen," she said. "He's advertising."

"I'll say he is," Derek told her. "He's worth about five thousand a year, you know. Hamlen's the sort of boy friend any girl would like to have."

There was suddenly a cold fear in Sally's heart. Derek wasn't joking. He didn't care. She had to find out.

She said, very casually:

"Maybe I'll marry him. I suppose I've got to marry some one sometime, unless I intend to go on working all my life." She didn't dare look at him as she waited for his answer.

"I hope you do," he said very quietly.

Her eyes were hopeless and she tried not to look at him. But she had to. Had to see whether his eyes were hopeless too.

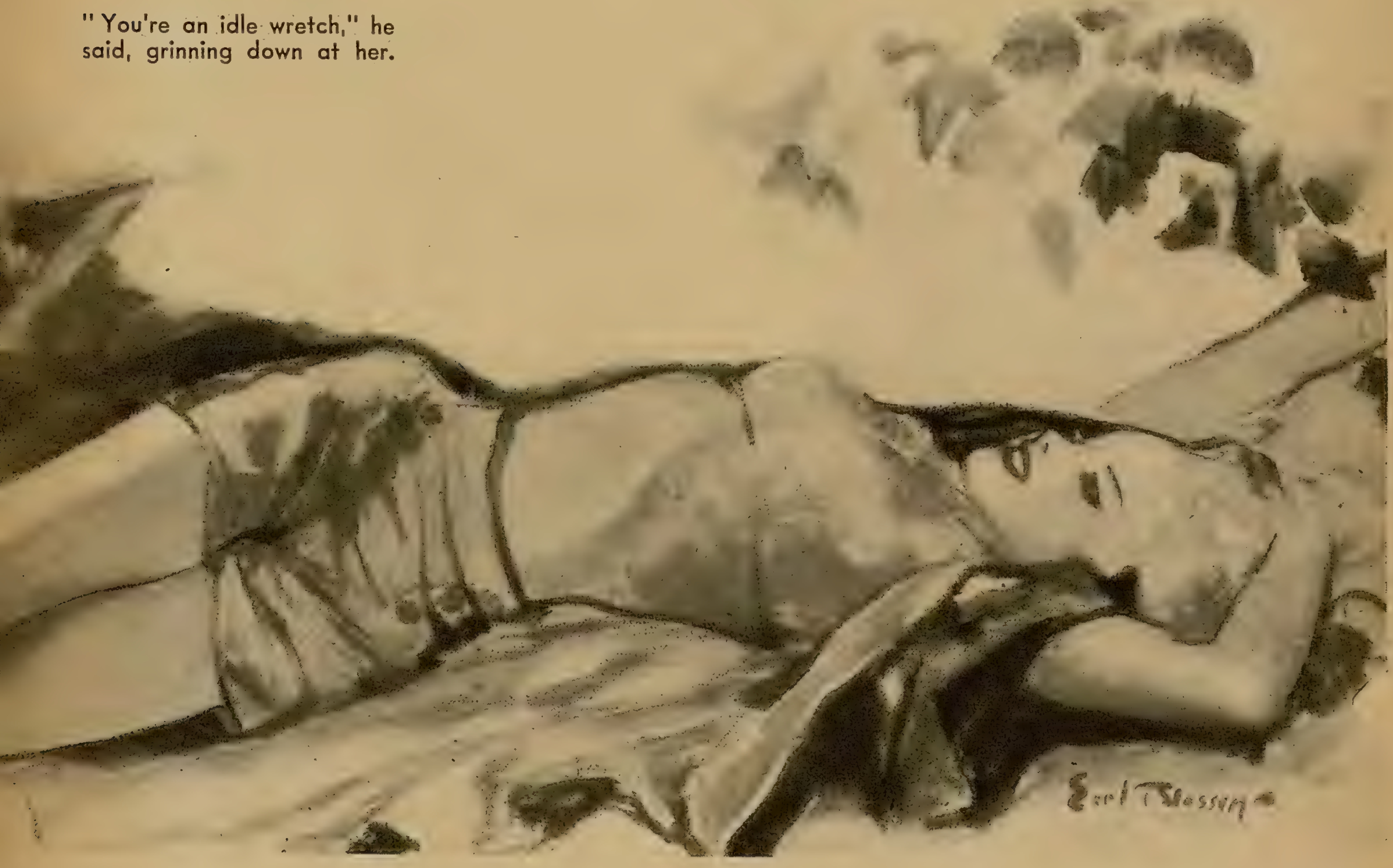
They weren't. They were serious and dark blue, but there was no pain in their depths. He reached out and caught her hand in his.

"Sally," he said, "you don't know *how* much I hope you marry some one really worthy of you. You're such a grand girl, and I've such awful pangs of conscience about you. About wasting your life letting you hang around a natural-born bachelor like me. . . ."

And it was then that she knew, once and for all, that she had been wrong when she fooled herself that Derek hadn't meant what he said three years ago in the moonlight. It was then that she knew that Derek was . . . Derek.

IT seemed strange to be going out with a blond young man, a man who wasn't Derek Whittaker. It seemed strange—and a little exciting—to lunch as a matter of course in the places that you and Derek had gone to once

"You're an idle wretch," he said, grinning down at her.



a year for birthdays. And it seemed strange to have flowers beside your plate—since men only buy buttonholes for the women they love, and Derek had never loved you.

Sally pinned four white gardenias to the lapel of her broadcloth suit and smiled at Alan Hamlen.

"They're lovely, Alan," she said. "I've hardly ever had flowers bought for me consistently before—I don't know why."

He looked at her very steadily.

"I shall buy you flowers consistently, Sally," he said, "when you're seventy-four. Will you marry me, Sally Trent?"

She had known she was going to say yes for a long time. She had worked it all out during that hour before the dawn when one sees things clearly and a little unhappily, in their true light.

Since I can't marry Derek, she had told herself, it doesn't much matter whom I marry; so I might as well marry for comfort in my old age.

She had known she was going to say yes, but she hadn't known how hard it was going to be to actually speak that little word.

Her slender fingers curved around the stem of her wineglass and her lashes made semicircles of shadow on her pale cheeks.

"Yes, Alan," she said quite simply.

His fingers closed over hers and he held them tightly.

"I love you so," he said in a whisper. "Oh, Sally, I do love you!"

Then she knew how Derek must have felt, but she hadn't Derek's courage. Her fingers tightened around his and she smiled at him, lying with her eyes as well as with her voice.

"Me too," she said ungrammatically.

They walked down Bond Street and into Asprey's, and Sally came out again with an emerald as big as a croquet lawn on her third finger and Alan's arm slipped through hers.

He hailed a taxi.

"I've never kissed you, Sally," he said. "Do you realize that?" And her heart gave a little lurch when he gathered her into his arms as the cab swung out into Piccadilly.

"I loved you from the very first moment you walked into my office," he said, against her shoulder, "with your enormous portfolio and your tricky little black cap. Sally, I've wanted to buy you a silver-fox cape ever since that first moment, and now I can. You belong to me."

His lips were strong and warm against hers, and Sally thought, I'm a bad woman, that's what I am. I'm—I'm *enjoying* being kissed by Alan, and I'm in love with Derek. . . .

She went into a call box the moment she left him, and dialed Derek's number.

Her eyes felt hot and hurtful as she slid her finger in and out of the dial. This is the last time I shall ever dial it, she thought. This is the last time. Because she had burnt her bridges now, and it wouldn't be fair to ever see Derek again.

She was crying quietly when he answered the phone. I'll never run my hands through his dark hair again, she thought. Never laugh at the way he raises his left eyebrow higher than his right. Never tease him about his taste in socks. Never have that breathless moment when I see him coming down the street to meet me!

She told him what she had done.

"I've taken your advice, Derek," she said, keeping her voice light with a terrible effort. "I've . . . I've said I'd marry Alan."

His voice sounded a little sad.

"Just a bird in a gilded cage, Sally," he said. "Maybe you'll give me a job as second butler when I fall on hard times." Then he said, "Seriously, darling, all the luck in the world! And—Sally—don't tell him about me. That's good advice, infant."

BUT she did tell him, after all.

She had to. Just two days before her wedding. Because she suddenly found out that he was too fine and too kind to be cheated.

He thought he would always remember her as she stood there, slim and dark against the mantelpiece of her studio. He thought he would always remember how the room looked, with her books in packing cases and the carpet rolled up in a corner, ready for the moving men.

She stood there, one arm slung along the mantelshelf, with a cigarette burning its life away between her fingers and her eyes terribly unhappy, and she stamped on his heart with her little stilt-heeled shoes and tore the pattern of his dream with her words.

"I don't love you," she said, without finesse, and she looked him straight in the eyes. "I thought I wouldn't have to tell you, Alan, but I find I can't cheat you, after all. . . ."

He stuck his hands in his pockets so that she shouldn't see how they were shaking.

"Go on," he said very quietly.

She told him.

". . . so it wouldn't be fair to marry you, Alan," she finished, "not with Derek in the same world. You see, he'd only have to stand at the end of the street and whistle, and I'd go. I'd leave you, Alan. You, or any one else, if he only crooked his little finger in my direction."

His throat felt dry and he cleared it harshly.

"Just how much chance is there of this—this man changing his mind about you?" he asked.

She threw her cigarette into the fire and smiled—a twisted little smile that tore at his nerves.

"Almost none," she said.

He came over and stood in front of her. The scent from the clove carnations he had pinned to her dress was sharp in his nostrils, and, although he didn't realize it, that was why he never, as long as he lived, gave her carnations again.

He held her arms tightly against her sides.

"I'll take the chance," he said. "Perhaps you'll understand why, Sally. You'd take the chance with—him, wouldn't you?"

Her face crumpled up like a child's, and he pulled her head on to his shoulder, smoothing her dark hair with his hand.

She sobbed as if her heart would break, and he stood there patiently, saying nothing. Staring blindly at the patch on the wall where a picture had been and now was hung no longer.

There was just one more thing she had to tell him now.

"I wouldn't . . . wouldn't marry you if you hadn't any money," she said, and sniffled unhappily.

"I gathered that," he said dryly, "and I don't believe I'd love you if you would have done. That would have been just idiotic, Sally, and I do like clever women."

SALLY lay on her back on the grass and stared at the pattern the leaves made against the blue of the sky. She was beautifully content, half asleep, half dreaming, and she didn't hear Alan's car draw up in the drive.

He walked across the lawn toward her, and he thought he loved her more, if possible, after ten months of marriage than he had done the first day he held her in his arms.

He looked at the easel that stood guard over her body. The canvas was painfully blank.

"You're an idle little wretch," he said, grinning down at her, and she sat up cross-legged to look at him.

"M-m-m," she said. "I know. Work and Sally don't go together, really. I never honestly liked it, you know."

He pulled her to her feet.

"I hope I never have to do a stroke of work again as long as I live," she said piously. "The thought of having to do horrible advertising sketches and magazine covers and beastly babies using BabyBest soap . . . br-r!"

"I hope you never have to, either, Sally," he said. And there was something in his voice that made her look at him sharply.

"What's the matter?" she asked, tucking her arm through his as they walked toward the house.

"Oh, nothing," he told her. "Old man Roberts' son has joined Press Advertising, that's all."

"And you mean the Roberts account might go over there?"

He nodded. “It’s possible. But I’d soon get another account to take its place.”

They said later in the advertising world that the bad luck that dogged Alan Hamlen was phenomenal. The Roberts account was a stroke of bad luck, but it would have been a drop in the ocean for a man of Hamlen’s standing if nothing else had happened. But BabyBest Preparations went into liquidation at the same time and Hamlen’s star copy writer went over to Modern Publicity, Ltd., and took the biggest fashion account Hamlen had with her. It was little short of a miracle that Hamlen could keep his head above water at all.

He sold the house near Lingfield, and he sold his beautiful cream-and-navy car, and he put every penny he got into the firm. He caught Sally packing up her jewelry in a small wooden box, and he came as near having a quarrel with her as he ever did in his life.

“But why,” she said, “shouldn’t I sell the things? They’re mine, Alan—you gave them to me. Surely, *surely*, I can give them back to you in concrete form in a crisis like this!”

His face was set and serious. He was terrified of losing her, now that he had lost his money.

“Why should you?” he said.

“Because I love you, my dear.” And as she said it she realized that it was true. She did love him! With a deep, happy love quite different from the searing, hopeless passion she had had for Derek. She caught her breath with the wonder of it. She loved him . . . she’d loved him for weeks and she’d never realized it. Not until now.

She waited for him to take her in his arms. He stared at her for a long moment.

“You’re very kind, Sally,” he said, “and very loyal.” And then the door had closed behind him.

LEONIE MASON

is English. Up to five years ago she modeled for a photographer and wrote publicity. On an editor’s advice, she tried her hand at fiction, and was immediately successful. She has written many short stories and is now working on her first novel.

She sat down suddenly in a chair and covered her face with her hands. She knew it was hopeless—that she’d never make him believe her now.

Finally she got up and stretched her stiff limbs. It had grown dark and she fumbled for the lights in the hall.

Quite suddenly she felt alone and terrified, and she ran up the wide, beautiful stairs to her bedroom.

Almost before she saw the envelope she knew it would be there. Lying square and white in the center of her dressing table, between her eyelash curlers and a squat bottle of scent.

She slit it open with a long, flexible nail file, and her heart grew cold.

> You’re sweet, Sally [she read], but you’re not making any sacrifices for me. You were frank with me when you married me, and I know you so well that I could anticipate how you’d react to this situation. It’s just like you to say you love me when I’m in need of help. You wouldn’t be Sally if you hadn’t. But it won’t work, my darling. Perhaps in a year or two I’ll be on my feet again, and then I can ask you to come back.
>
> Meanwhile, I’ve left you. Yes, I’ve left you—and I ask you most humbly to forgive me. It’s better this way. We’ve had a wonderful year of wonderful friendship, but it wouldn’t stand the strain of a two-room flat. And that’s all we’d be able to afford if we remained together. Apart, I can let you have an allowance of two hundred a year. I’m so sorry that’s all, my dearest. I can live in a room at the office. I used to sleep there sometimes before I met you. Will you let my solicitors have your address when you’re fixed up, so that they can forward your checks?
>
> You have made me very happy.
>
> ALAN.

Sally laid her head on her arms and sobbed. But she would starve rather than take Alan’s money. She’d never let his solicitors have her address.

She got up and mopped away her tears and found her old portfolio.

Sitting there in the deserted house, she turned over her specimen sketches. She knew what she was going to do. Work and Sally might not have gone well together, but work and Sally were going to be teammates in the future! Work was better than aspirin for some sorts of pain.

ALAN hadn’t wanted to go to the cocktail party in the least; but it was so important that he should get back on his feet, to get enough money to hire the best detectives to trace his wife, that the very whisper of business sent him knocking on the door of George Mander, of Mander’s Biscuits, on the stroke of six.

He was terribly worried about Sally. It was six months now since she had vanished without leaving an address. He knew she was working, because he had seen her drawings decorating the pages of a rival firm’s advertising pamphlet.

His inquiries for her address had been fruitless. One didn’t give away the address of one’s best artist to a rival concern.

He heard George Mander introducing some one. “Betty darling,” he said, “this is Derek Whittaker.”

Derek Whittaker! The name brought back the sight of a partly dismantled room and the sharp smell of clove carnations. Alan turned involuntarily. Somehow he must hear about Sally. Talk about her. Even if the very talking meant agony of mind.

He said, a little unsteadily, to Derek:

“Excuse me, but I’ve heard about you from a friend of mine. Sally—Sally Trent. You know her, don’t you?”

A small muscle twitched along Derek’s jaw.

“Yes,” he said strangely; “I know Sally.” They moved toward the window together.

“How—how is she?” he said. “I haven’t seen her for so long.”

Derek studied the toe of his shoe. “Do you mind if we don’t discuss Sally? She happens to be the reason why I’m drinking too much sherry this evening.”

Alan’s fingers tightened round the stem of his glass. He said, very casually:

“Sorry, old man. I thought she was married, anyway.”

Derek swayed very slightly on his feet.

“If I hadn’t been a fool two years ago,” he said, “she’d have been married to me. I told her at the time that I was probably making the greatest mistake of my life by letting her go, and I was right. And now her idiot of a husband has left her.”

Alan’s voice was monotonous from his effort to keep it steady.

“That sounds like where you walk in,” he said.

“It does, doesn’t it?” laughed Derek. “But she happens to be in love with her husband.” He looked at Alan curiously. “Don’t know the chap, do you? Alan Hamlen. It’s ‘Alan this’ and ‘Alan that’ all day and every day. You’d think the sun rose and set for his especial benefit. I might be a bit of the furniture, for all the notice she takes of *me*.”

He drained his glass.

“I thought I said we wouldn’t discuss Sally,” he added. “Fact of the matter is, old man, I’m getting a bit maudlin. Sorry. Too much sherry.”

Alan offered him a cigarette. He felt infinite sympathy with the diplomatic service.

“You might give me her address,” Alan said, laughing. “I’d like to get her to do some work for me, now that she’s back in circulation, so to speak.”

It seemed an hour before Derek’s fingers found his card and Derek’s pencil wrote on the back of it. Then Alan’s wallet was opened and the card found its way safely inside.

George Mander came up to them.

“If you like to come into the library, Hamlen,” he said, “we’ll discuss the contract I mentioned.”

Alan grinned at him like a schoolboy.

“Sorry,” he said. “I’ve got a date.”

As he crossed the room at a speed that was hardly compatible with politeness, he heard Derek’s voice, slightly blurred:

“What did you say his name was? *Hamlen?*”

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

MITZI GREEN is back on the screen—this time as a growing-up young lady. I think the story of her revived success merits comparison with the story of Alice in Wonderland. Surely it is wondersome to behold a pretty girl making a *comeback* at the age of seventeen.

Four years ago Mitzi outgrew her role as a little-girl star. She had been the Shirley Temple of her time. Remember her as Orphan Annie? . . . Then she suffered a sudden attack of inches. At thirteen she sprouted to the height of five feet five and a half. "I wasn't cute any more," she says. "I was an in-between."

Hollywood saw no appeal then in in-betweens. That was before Deanna Durbin came along. Now the in-betweens are worth their weight in California gold. Mitzi has been rushed back to work—in a picture with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Says she's having a terrible time trying *not* to be a cute kid any more.

It has taken her weeks and weeks, for example, just to learn how to walk naturally in high-heeled shoes. She never had worn them before. And, like a naturalist scientifically studying strange animals, she has prowled around, studying other young girls of seventeen.

"I needed to know how they do things," she told me. "I had to find out how girls of my age behave. You see, it is very hard to grow up if you have been a child prodigy. I've been on the stage since I was six years old. All my experiences have been make-believe. I haven't had time to grow up like other kids."

Mitzi in wonderland—the Hollywood wonderland of a little-girl star who had to grow up!

I am sure Peter Pan sympathizes with Mitzi Green.

☆ *Gold digger* is a stale expression, so I won't say the lady I'm writing about is a retired gold digger, because nothing misses the truth as irritatingly as out-of-date slang. I'll just say she's a lady who played her cards cleverly through several marriages and divorces. By hook, crook, and alimony, she has a comfortable income now—*and* a sentimental daughter who wants to marry a penniless young man. The mother feels disappointed and hurt. "After all I've been through," she complains, "you'd think *my* girl would know better! You'd think she'd be more like *me!*" . . . The lady doesn't realize it, but she is in the same predicament as that of any self-made plutocrat with an unbusinesslike son. In each case it wounds the pride of the parent when the child doesn't follow parental footsteps—no matter how unworthy a path those footsteps may have trod through life.

MITZI GREEN

☆ Right now the smart French girls are wearing necklaces of colored tassels hanging down in front from a black braid collarette. . . . Bocoo flirtatious, and easy to make for yourself. . . . Sew three rows of black soutache braid together. Fit snugly around your throat. Attach five silk tassels to hang down about four inches in front, each tassel being a different color. Wear with a plain black dress, and carry a suède bag matching the color of one tassel. Bag will be smartest if shaped like a big vine leaf, with soutache braid applied to simulate the leaf veins. . . . Another Paris novelty this season will be the adornment of our evening hair with lovers' knots instead of flowers. Pin on two perky little red bows of half-inch ribbon—one just over your eyebrow on one side, the other just over your ear on the other side.

☆ From executives to errand boys, from technicians to performing stars, all the people employed at one of our greatest radio stations have been holding their breath, during the past few weeks, every time one of their most high-brow programs goes on the air. The reason is a lady who comes every week to sit in the studio audience while that program is being presented. The lady is very obviously in what we family-magazine writers refer to as a certain condition. Perhaps she believes in the prenatal influence of culture. Anyway, she comes to the broadcasting studio week after week, and week after week the hired help watch her condition grow more and more evident. To them it now seems not only certain but immediately impending. They don't see how the blessed event could possibly be postponed much longer. Every time she arrives they chant this silent prayer: "It *can't* happen here! Not in the middle of our program. It *mustn't* happen here!"

☆ Sleep with your pancakes to keep them warm. . . . This is *not* a ribald jest. Barnum Brown, the celebrated paleontologist, tells me it is precisely what he and his science staff had to do while exploring the prehistoric caves of South Dakota when the weather turned cold. Their batter for breakfast pancakes froze solid at night. To prevent this, each member of the expedition took his own pancake batter to bed with him. Of course they were using the good old sour-dough mixture. *Genuine* pancakes!

☆ I'm sure some of you will be interested in Edith Flack Ackley's new book, Dolls to Make: For Fun and Profit. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

☆ Most theater people eat late—generally after the show—and for the sake of their looks they take good care of their tummies.

This *Midnight Salad* is approved particularly by many stage friends of mine.

Substantial enough, yet easy to digest, it makes a sane dish to serve at any crazy hour.

Combine 2 cups diced tongue with 2 cups fresh cooked lima beans, 3 boiled potatoes cut up fairly small, 2 tablespoons minced celery, 1 tart apple, sliced, and 1 tablespoon chopped sweet pickle. Mix well with French dressing, using tarragon vinegar. Chill thoroughly.

Shape to a nice plump mound and surround with slices of hard-boiled egg.

Marco Polo Lives and Loves Again

Here, for your money, are romance and villainy, Mr. Cooper and a newcomer from Norway—Also entertainment galore in a prodigal musical grab bag

By RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, Basil Rathbone, Ernest Truex, Alan Hale, George Barbier, Binnie Barnes, Lana Turner, Stanley Fields, Harold Huber, H. B. Warner, Eugene Hoo, Helen Quan, Soo Young, Mrs. Ng, Lotus Liu, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Henry Kolker, Hale Hamilton, Robert Grieg, Granville Bates, Reginald Barlowe, Theodore von Eltz, Diane Toy, Harry Kerue, Greta Granstadt, Harry Cording, Dick Rich, Joe Woody, Leo Fielding. Directed by Archie Mayo. Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood from a story by N. A. Pogson. Running time, 80 minutes. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.

LIKE some people, this is not as good as it should be. For the thought of Marco Polo, first of all Europeans to explore old China, entering into the very kingdom of the great Kublai Khan, meeting the Khan's palely lovely daughter by moonlight, teaching her to kiss and thereby winning her from the King of Persia, is certainly such stuff as romantic dreams are made of. But Gary Cooper, put in such a setting, for all his ingratiating charm, becomes only boyish and appealing and never the great lover, while Basil Rathbone, as his enemy, Ahmed, is such a villain as you seldom meet this side of a nightmare.

As the story runs here, Marco, son of the great Venetian trading house of Polo, goes to far-off Cathay in search of treasure. After a difficult journey he arrives to amuse and impress the great Khan and to fall in love with the Princess Kukachin, which displeases Ahmed, the Khan's treacherous counseler, who desires Kukachin personally. He connives to have the Khan send Marco off to a neighboring province to be captured by Kaidu, a general warring against the Khan.

The idea, of course, is for Marco to get killed. Instead Marco pleases not only Kaidu but Kaidu's wife; leads the general back to conquer Ahmed and save Kukachin.

The rescue of General Kaidu (Alan Hale) by Marco Polo (Gary Cooper).

It all makes exciting action stuff, even if it does get sinister enough to be silly when Ahmed is about to have the Princess attacked by hungry vultures and Gary tossed into a lion's den. The new Sigrid Gurie will probably be very pretty when she gets out from under her Oriental hair-do. A highly competent, orthodox cast performs in a highly competent, orthodox manner.

The whole production is glossy and expensive but the net result is about as exotic as a baked apple.

VITAL STATISTICS: After debutting in the Goldwyn-produced Winning of Barbara Worth 11 years ago @ $75 a week, Gary Cooper is back in the Goldwyn fold again with a contract that calls for $225,000 a pix. Mounting bank accounts don't change Gary; he's as shy and blushy today as he was when he played rangy, sensitive cowboys. . . . Though the story to this is admittedly fanciful and not faithful to what facts remain, the background is authentic, down to the last stitch of costume and gilt-edged palace cornice. Costumes cost $150,000, all unboycotted silk. Peking Museum provided the plans and descriptions. . . . Cooper carries a jeweled shield (insured for $75,000) in the battle with the fierce Asiatics, supposedly the original property of Marco Polo himself. . . . There're no legendary coolies' bodies mixed into the bricks and mortar of the Great Wall of China Sam Goldwyn built in the town of Chatsworth, 40 miles from Hollywood. Doesn't copy the whole wall, only 200 yards of it —the piece that adjoins the west gate of Peking, recently become Japanese property. Took workmen four weeks to throw it together; ancient coolies'd've taken about eight months. . . .Took Make-upper Rob Stepanoff two weeks to get George Barbier looking like an Oriental, then it took George 2½ hours to put on his get-up. George was the toughest of all to Chinafy. To Orientalize Sigrid Gurie, Stepanoff first made her into a Chinese, then made her as beautiful as he could. Sigrid turns out not a true Chinese type, but sort of an impressionistic Lotus Blossom. . . . Sigrid Gurie's had no previous experience, aside from stage work with the Oslo National Theater. She's pure Norskie, true-blue blonde, 5/5, is wedded. Sigrid was finished off in Paris, Biarritz, and London schools. She rides, swims, and dances something mahvelous. She believes yaller cats bring her luck, 9's her lucky number, but wears only a 7 shoe. She's 22, a May 18 kiddie. . . . Bazz Rathbone's beginning to long for the days when he was a mat idol and gushing young interviewers wanted his ten points on the art of love-making. Today, because he is a villain, nobody wants his autograph, gals just stand and stare at him—a horrible example. . . . Horses ordinarily won't climb stairs, so trained equine stair climbers must be hired @ $15 a day; $25 is paid for each tumble. Stunt-riding human tumblers get $50 a take if used, $25 if rejected. . . . 500 archers turned out to shoot bows and arrows in battle scenes. . . . Gum chewers in ancient Mongolia ruined plenty of takes. Well, we live and learn. . . . Ernest Truex is filmdom's tiniest starlet over 40. He's 5/3; soon Shirley Temple'll be taller. . . . Like all armies, extras ate mostly beans on location. It takes more skill and generalship than a Foch to move a movie army to location and through battle paces. Yet, despite their experience, movie directors don't ever get asked to run wars. Maybe it's just as well—there'd be lots of flop battles and no chance for retakes. . . . When extras were hired, Goldwyn warned them they were paid to fight, he didn't want any stalling around. Plenty of accidents with those flying arrows and that burning stuff.

The Princess Kukachin (Sigrid Gurie) in The Adventures of Marco Polo.

★★★ THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Ben Blue, Bob Hope, Shirley Ross, Leif Erikson, Lynne Overman, Grace Bradley, Rufe Davis, Stanley King, Rex Moore, Bernard Punsley, Don Marion, Dorothy Howe, Kirsten Flagstad, Tito Guizar, Shep Fields and his orchestra. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Screen play by Walter de Leon, Francis Martin, and Ken Englund, based on an adaptation by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse of a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 90 minutes.

THIS is big and broad, and it has glamorous girls and songs and dances, pretty settings, comedy, grand opera, Martha Raye's mouth and legs, and two love plots, which naturally make it a musical grab bag. But with so much of it, we don't see how you can fail to capture some prize of amusement from it.

For never did you have more frivolous choice. The singing ranges all the way from the greatest prima donna of our time, Kirsten Flagstad, whose tones enchant you and whose face surprises you by being young and cute, to Dorothy Lamour's torchy croonings and Martha Raye's blues shouting. Shirley Ross and newcomer Bob Hope carry one love story and sing the hit tune, Thanks for the Memory, which is a bit naughty in the clinches if you listen carefully. Oversize Leif Erikson and Dorothy Lamour have the other united heartthrobs. W. C. Fields supplies his usual bland brand of comedy.

The plot, which gets mislaid for long stretches, vaguely concerns itself with a race of two superspeed liners across the Atlantic and the scrambled lives thereon. But you don't need to let that worry you, since it never troubles anybody in the picture. Also the title hasn't a thing to do with anything that happens.

In other words, this doesn't make a bit of sense, but if you want a merely pleasant, zany hour and a half you'll have fun here.

VITAL STATISTICS: Suggestion for a prize contest: Why doesn't Hollywood offer a million dollars to the person who can solve what the plot to this one's all about? There'd be no chance of having to pay off—even the producers admit they don't know. . . . The transatlantic liner in the plot is supposedly operated by electrical current transmitted by radio from shore to a powerhouse on board. As screwball and fantastically Buck Rogers as this is, studio had to have their lawyers search patents to see that it didn't infringe on any existing ones! . . . Bill Fields is back after a year and a half of resting, sickness, operations, lawsuits, and arguments with Chollie McCarthy. Fields ad libbed constantly during this. Drove Hepburn away with his stentorian tones while he played that golf sequence for this on same links where she was enjoying a onesome. He fell in love with that motor skyscooter he rides around, disappeared over the location hills, dashed around the studio madly with it. . . . Debutting new faces on screen: Bob Hope and Kirsten Flagstad. Hope's an ex-vodvilyan; made his way up into musicomedy via a fresh routine, sassy jokes. Miss Flagstad is Norskie, of Oslo, studied music for fun, came to America unheralded in Jan., 1935, knocked 'em dead at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in Die Walküre. Family planned for her to be a doctor; mother was a concert pianist. . . . Ben Blue took years trying to make Hollywood appreciate him. Time and again he'd have signed to work for $150 a week just to crash the gates; time and again he was flung back. Now he commands about $1,500 a week, is constantly in some demand, usually to do a new dance routine. . . . Martha Raye has the prettiest legs in Hollywood. Yep, even prettier than Dietrich's, which we never see any more. . . . Candid cameras were barred from Paramount studio sets recently. Hit members of this cast pretty hard. . . . Sirenesque brunette Dotty Lamour—Theda Bara in modern dress—actually appears fully clothed in this—but they're preparing one of those nudistic jungle things for her in the spring, when the warmer weather comes again. . . . Leif Erikson just got back from a loan-out to M-G-M, where he played with Garbo. He's Franny Farmer's husb. . . . Sets, costumes, and beauty're by Russell Patterson, the artist, now pacted in deathless union with Hollywood. . . . Pic was made in an intense Hollywood heat wave @ $1,800,000. Dry ice blown through wind-machine tunnels couldn't get temperature below 85 degrees on sets. . . . The Waltz Lives On number cost about $250,000, takes place on 16 stages, outlavishes former lavishness, rescues the chorus ladies and gents of Hollywood from starving oblivion. . . . Dorothy Howe used to be a phone gal on a Dallas switchboard, got picked up by a talent scout who happened into a department store to look over a Christmas play! Has a major role, too.

★★ DANGEROUS TO KNOW

THE PLAYERS: Gail Patrick, Anna May Wong, Akim Tamiroff, Porter Hall, Anthony Quinn, Lloyd Nolan, Roscoe Karns, Harvey Stephens, Barlowe Borland. Directed by Robert Florey. Screen play by Wm. R. Lipman and Horace McCoy, based on a play by Edgar Wallace. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 60 minutes.

RULE number one in the movie primer is that when one character points a loaded gun at another character, audiences will be held tense. So they've played it safe in this unpretentious little melodrama, having practically no time in the action where somebody hasn't a gun or a knife at some one else's ribs.

Akim Tamiroff is a big-time gangster with a whole city, save one Inspector Brandon, in his grasp. He buys the city administration, shoots his enemies, pays off the cops, and gets away with eight murders until he meets lovely heiress Gail Patrick, whose person and social position he covets.

The stanch inspector figures this will get the bad boy, and though it takes a while—or about five reels—what with a mysterious Chinese girl, a handsome hero, and the stolen bonds getting mixed in the middle, to get our gangster, this unrequited love plus the law certainly does.

You can't be severe toward a little movie like this, since it never pretends to be anything much. It isn't. Still, if you happen to catch it, you won't have a half bad time at it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Anna May Wong's been enjoying a mild cinematic boom since the opening of Japan's mission of friendship in China. Every studio has an undeclared war film on tap, each with a part for Anna May. Anna doesn't like to make money out of her race's misfortune, donates half of it to Medical Aid, raises lots more by personal appearances. As you know, Anna's real name is Wong Lui Tsong, which means Frosted Yellow Willows, she was born in Los Angeles' Chinatown, played her first bit as a yellow extra in Nazimova's Red Lantern, has been around quite some time. She made her first trip to China in 1936, followed it by a triumphant (of course) world tour; rarely wears Occidental clothes in real life. Wears a whale wool dress in this: fiber's actually pressed whale blubber. She likes American food, lives in extreme modernism, doesn't speak Chinese. Anna May Wong's never had her hair cut, worn glasses, or woolen underwear, curled her hair, eaten lobster, ridden a bike, owned a radio, muffed her lines, or married. . . . Before every pic, Akim Tamiroff makes a prisoner of himself in his home, sweats himself into the new character called for, lives the part Munishly. He's never been himself on screen, has never played the same type twice, has no following because nobody can ever recognize him. This is the first pic in which he's ever enjoyed any sort of romance; Anna May's the first gal he's ever kissed on film. Those two classical things he knocks off on the organ in this he plays with his own digits, since he's an excellent organist from way back in Moscow. . . . This is the first heroic role Lloyd Nolan's ever played. Write him and let him know if you prefer him as a hero or a sneak. . . . Barlowe Borland's of Scotland; disgustedly threw his lawbooks out of a window one day, was horrified to see them hit some one, decided to get out of the profession immediately. An omen, he called it. Became an actor, worked his way up to being the Perfect Servant of the English stage, brought his manners to Hollywood via New York stage. Maybe you remember his buttling in Easy Living? . . . Gail Patrick also gets a chance to be a sympathetic love interest instead of the nasty-nasty gal; while Harvey Stephens, ex-football star, plays a heroine kisser after a series of heroine hissers. . . . Anthony Quinn's quite a sculptor.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl.

★★★—The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—This week's early photo (*to your right, please*) is of the author of Congressional Government. After the book's publication he taught young ladies at Bryn Mawr and little gentlemen at Princeton. At one time he was a strong proponent for nonintervention, but felt impelled to reverse himself.

2—What is the capital of the Yukon Territory? And of Alaska?

3—Which Spanish-American War veteran was made a full general?

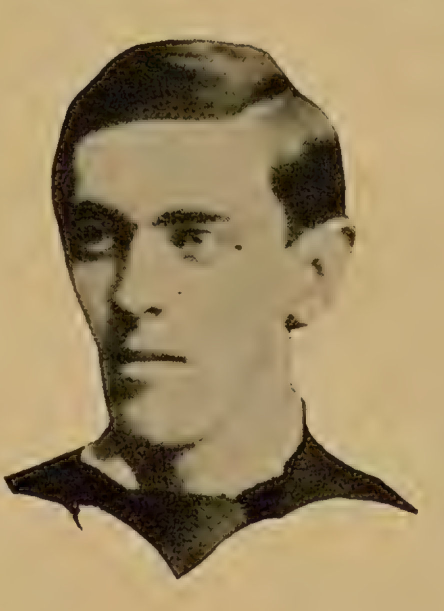
4—Is it true that Alabama prosecuted for more than six years in the Scottsboro Case?

5—Are long or short mallets used in water polo?

6—Most every one recalls that the Rev. R. Anderson Jardine conducted probably the most historic religious service of 1937, but who performed the preceding civil ceremony?

7—Corsica belongs to which country?

8—What Revolutionary heroine (born Mary Ludwig) did Washington make a sergeant?



9—Which is the only U. S. city, with a population of 50,000 or more, that has no public indebtedness?

10—Who organized the C. I. O.?

11—Which weighs more, a battleship such as the U. S. S. Washington or the Brooklyn Bridge?

12—Herbert Blythe and Georgiana Drew had three famed children; what are their names?

13—Which is the world's largest bay?

14—What mineral is nearly transparent?

15—Members of what trade practiced surgery in the time of Edward IV?

16—Manicure sticks are made of what?

17—Muni Weisenfreund is better known by what other name?

18—What is added to wine to fortify it?

19—If pure gold is worth $35 an ounce, what is the value of two ounces of 18-carat gold?

20—What opera luminary, born at Deepwater, Missouri, starred in Champagne Waltz?

(*Answers will be found on page 38*)

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SHE *Woke Up* SMILING

Now, suddenly, strangely, the magic of gold touches a modern Cinderella, as the story swiftly nears its climax

BY ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THREE men propose to the fascinating Gail Perrin in one day—her once rejected sweetheart, Jimmy Yates, newspaperman; her millionaire employer's right-hand man, Ed Brewster; and her boss himself, Jasper Hawes, for whom she works as social secretary and hostess. But she is studying to be a professional dancer with Dilighine, and prefers a career to matrimony.

Only old Jasper accepts his turn-down graciously. He asks Gail to dance at his penthouse party that night, sends her a cigarette case containing a wad of thousand-dollar bills, and having been warned by Dr. Skidmore that he hasn't much longer to live, decides to leave her all his money—some fifty million dollars!

Driving to the party atop the Hawes skyscraper in downtown New York, Gail and Marcum, the chauffeur of Mr. Hawes, find themselves involved in a gangster getaway. Always an unknown quantity, Marcum now proves expert with a gun. He extricates them from detention by the law, but they are late arriving at the penthouse party.

In the midst of the festivities Jasper Hawes withdraws with Cramer, his lawyer, to sign his fateful will, and both Ed Brewster and Jimmy Yates seize opportunity to make love to Gail again. And again she rejects them. Then every one's attention is centered on Zora, a fortune teller engaged to entertain the guests.

Zora bluntly tells Jasper Hawes that he is going to die soon. He laughs it off. The sibyl declares that Gail will never be a dancer. Furious at such nonsense, the girl dons a special costume and dances her sensational Manhattan Rhapsody to wild applause.

Retiring from the excited scene, she is followed by Jimmy, who reiterates his devotion once more. Intoxicated with her success, Gail offers to kiss him, and falls down a few steps. She injures her knee and Jimmy has to carry her to a couch.

The party over, Marcum tells old Jasper that he is Cantrill's son. Years ago Cantrill had run off with Hawes' wife, long dead, and baby! The news brings on a stroke. Over the phone the next day Marcum tells Gail that Jasper is dead.

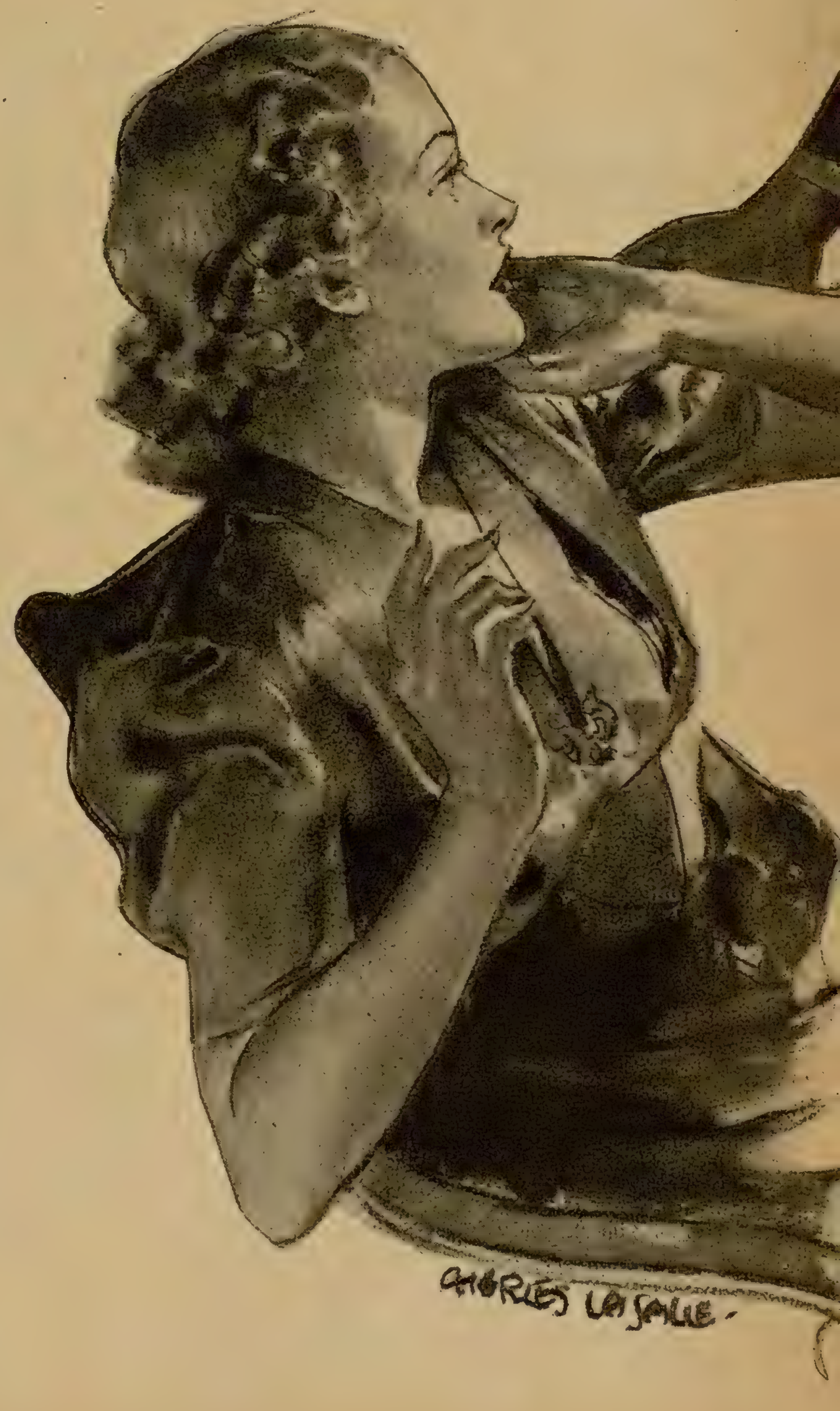
PART FIVE—"THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD"

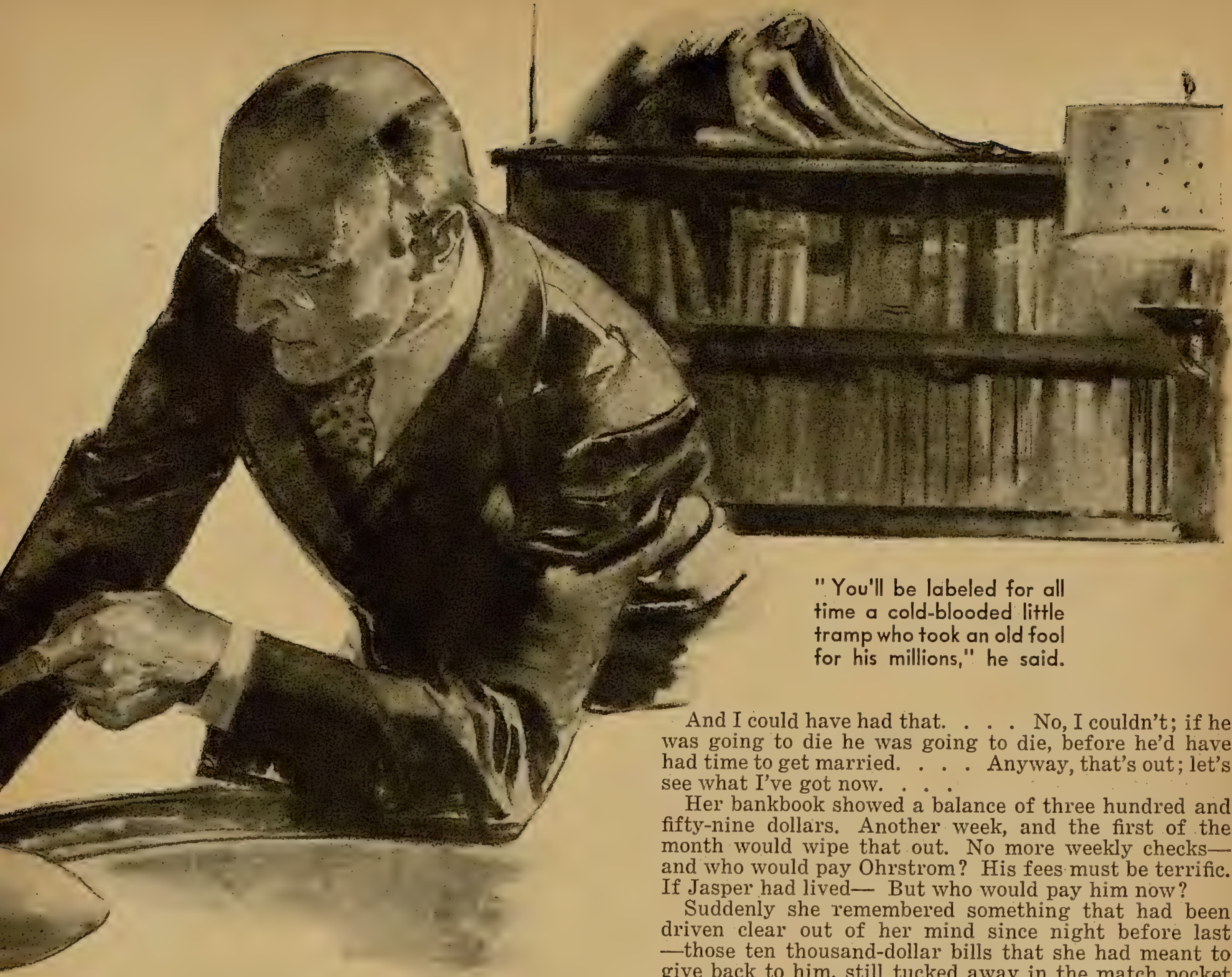
A MOMENT of stunned silence at both ends of the wire. Then, "I'm sorry it was me that had to tell you," he said. "I reckon everybody must have thought somebody else had told you. And I'm sorry about your knee." Another pause; then his voice came again, as if jerked out unwillingly: "But not as sorry for you as I might be for somebody else," he said; "because you can take it . . . if—if you understand what I mean."

"I do understand. Thank you," she said. "That's the only thing anybody could have said that would help."

But even that didn't help much after he had hung up. She slumped back on her chaise longue. So there wasn't any Jasper Hawes—not ever, any more. There wasn't anything—

She stiffened, angry with herself; there was always





" You'll be labeled for all time a cold-blooded little tramp who took an old fool for his millions," he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

the typewriter, the stenographer's notebook. . . . Those velvety-black eyes, a cracked voice shrieking, " You'll work with your hands! " . . . Well, why not? thought Gail. I used to be a good stenographer.

BUT she couldn't hold that highhearted resolution the next morning, when she read Jasper Hawes' obituary. In his queer warped way he had been a great man—too great, she supposed candidly, for her to appreciate; though she had begun to appreciate him that last afternoon, when he opened himself and his history to her.

Just then Dr. Ohrstrom came in, to put her knee in a cast. He was still reassuring—but she couldn't take reassurance too seriously after what she had heard from Dilighine.

" When can I walk? " was all she could say.

" Better give it a few days' rest; but I think next week— No, you won't need crutches, by that time."

" Next week? But I've got to go to Mr. Hawes' funeral —day after tomorrow."

" To be sure," said Ohrstrom. " I'd forgotten that. Day after tomorrow. Just for safety's sake, better use a crutch. A single one will do."

She hated to have to use one; it would be an advertisement of disability, of the wreck of her hopes. But she wasn't going to stay away from Jasper's funeral.

When Ohrstrom had left she turned back to the obituary, read it through to the last sentence. " Authoritative estimates of Mr. Hawes' estate could not be obtained last night, but it is believed that it will be in the neighborhood of fifty or seventy-five million dollars."

And I could have had that. . . . No, I couldn't; if he was going to die he was going to die, before he'd have had time to get married. . . . Anyway, that's out; let's see what I've got now. . . .

Her bankbook showed a balance of three hundred and fifty-nine dollars. Another week, and the first of the month would wipe that out. No more weekly checks—and who would pay Ohrstrom? His fees must be terrific. If Jasper had lived— But who would pay him now?

Suddenly she remembered something that had been driven clear out of her mind since night before last —those ten thousand-dollar bills that she had meant to give back to him, still tucked away in the match pocket of her evening cloak. He'd given her that money, and she needed it. But he had given it to her for a debut that would never happen now; she ought to give it back to—to whoever had charge of the estate; she'd taken too much of Jasper Hawes' money for what she gave him. And yet, if she gave this back— She turned aside from that problem, and called for Rena.

" You heard what Monsieur Dilighine said yesterday? " Gail asked. Rena nodded; nobody could have helped hearing it, in that little apartment. " I'm afraid he knows," Gail sighed. " Knows better than the doctor. And my job died with Mr. Hawes. I'll have to give up the apartment, Rena—and I'll have to let you go, too. I'm sorry—"

Rena shrugged. " You don't have to let me go, Miss Perrin. I've saved a little—"

" Rena, you're a swell sport! But I'm not going to be able to afford a personal maid now. I'll have to look for a secretarial job—"

" I don't think that's probable. Mr. Hawes would leave you something."

" Leave me money? " Gail flushed. " Why should he? "

" Rich men usually leave their secretaries something—social secretaries, too. I shouldn't worry, if I were you."

" But I don't believe—" Gail began. " I don't know how he's left his money, but from the way he talked—But you're right—I won't worry till I know about that."

Yet she couldn't help worrying; she doubted if Jasper had left her anything—and if he hadn't, she wondered how long she would be able to stiffen herself against the temptation of that ten thousand dollars.

STOCKS Open Strong," said the first editions of the evening papers; and the second: " Market Up in Heavy Trading." All morning Miss Beeding had been harassed with worried calls from brokers; but she could say nothing on her own responsibility, and Mr. Brewster hadn't come in.

He appeared at last, apologetic; if his momentary elevation had given him any accession of self-confidence, he didn't show it.

"Sorry I'm late, Miss Beeding," he told her. "I suppose you've been having a busy time down here—but so have we upstairs. I've had to make all the arrangements for the funeral—do all sorts of things. Marcum was some help, but nobody else."

"Well, I'm glad you've come down," she said. "Everything's in such a stew here—the market rising, and some of the margins threatened—"

She told him about it; his close-set eyebrows drew closer together in a frown of worry. And it couldn't have occurred to Miss Beeding that he hadn't spent quite all the morning in Jasper Hawes' penthouse; that he had taken time to attend to his private business.

"Yes," he said. "But of course a good deal of this is Mr. Hawes' direct dealings, in his own person. I'm not quite sure who has authority to handle that now. As for the corporations, I'm called—I was called," he corrected with a sigh of manly grief at the passing of Jasper Hawes, "I was called operating vice-president. But I own only one qualifying share of stock in each of them, just as you do. Control is vested in the Hawes estate. And I—I shouldn't want to take the responsibility of any action that might be disapproved by the executor, of course."

"The executor?" she said. "Who is the executor?" He shrugged. "You don't know about his will?" she said.

He looked at her in amazement.

"Why, no. But I supposed you did, Miss Beeding."

"I don't even know if he ever made one. He was always so queer and secretive and—and unpredictable. But Mr. Cramer would know, of course."

"Yes," said Brewster. "Mr. Cramer would know. Unfortunately Mr. Cramer is at home in bed."

"What?" she cried. "Is—is everybody going to die?"

He laughed.

"Oh, no—this is nothing serious. He telephoned this morning—sent me a message that he'd caught a cold at the party the other night, and thought he'd better take care of himself for a day or two. I'll call him up later and ask about the will."

MR. BREWSTER returned to his own office; but he didn't pick up the telephone and call Cramer. He sat alone, behind his big bare glass-topped desk, his close-set eyes glittering. Not a rabbit, now; he looked like a fox. There was no doubt that the market was definitely moving upward—on its way, he believed, to recovering all the losses of the last few weeks; moving upward even though the Hawes interests, still under the momentum of Jasper Hawes' last command, were steadily selling. He could check that movement, and defend himself to the executor—some trust company, no doubt—on the plea that he had used his best judgment. But nobody who knew him and Hawes, knew how Hawes used to bully him, would expect him to take responsibility; they had all set him down as a rabbit. Jasper Hawes was dead but the Hawes interests were still trading—automatically, like the wriggling of a snake's body after life has left it. A man who knew what the Hawes interests were doing, and had money enough to do something else himself, could make some money in this market.

So, when presently he picked up the telephone, it wasn't Cramer he called; it was Gail. Dutifully he asked about her knee.

"Dr. Ohrstrom says it will be all right," she told him cheerfully. "I'll have to hobble around for a while, but there's no permanent injury."

She hadn't the heart to tell the truth to Ed Brewster—or to anybody else, till she had to. Rena knew, Marcum knew—and she felt as if they were her only friends. For all day long she had sat here, and not a single telephone call from the people she had called her friends, the party crowd. They didn't care what her accident might have meant to her; they were too busy thinking about what the death of Hawes might mean to them.

"I'm delighted to hear that," said Brewster, with real solicitude in his voice. "I'd have called you sooner, Gail, but I've had to do everything. . . . About the funeral. I'll send a car for you, of course. You'll want to go to the cemetery too? I thought so. There will be quite a number of cars going out there. I've put you in one toward the end of the procession, with Miss Beeding. I—I hope that's all right, Gail."

"It's exactly right, Ed. Thank you." . . . For all the people who went to the cemetery would believe that she was really the chief mourner. Any undue prominence, however well intended, would start a buzz of talk. But he had had the tact—and in all his rush of business he had taken the time to think about her, how she would feel about it—he had had the tact to put her exactly where she belonged. With Miss Beeding—the office secretary and the social secretary. She was grateful and more than grateful; at this moment she liked Ed Brewster better than she ever had before.

"It's just possible," he added apologetically, "that I may have to put Marcum in with you two. It's a little hard to fit him in anywhere else; and, after all, he's rather more than a chauffeur. Would you mind?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I wouldn't mind Marcum."

"Good. I'm going to find time—make time, if I must—to call on you, Gail, as soon as the funeral's over. If I may."

"Please do," she said. "I'd like to see you."

It was the first time in a year she had said that and meant it.

DARKNESS had set in, the last editions of the evening papers were out—"Stock Market Closes Strong"—before Brewster telephoned to Cramer.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Cramer? Better, I hope."

"Oh, I never was very sick. But I want to attend Mr. Hawes' funeral tomorrow, and don't want to attend my own too soon afterward."

"Well, I wanted to ask you—" Brewster started in on what he wanted to ask; but after a moment Cramer's hoarse voice interrupted him.

"The will? Why, I thought you knew all about that, Brewster. Something Jasper said made me think— No," Cramer conceded, "now that I think of it, he could have meant something else. . . . Yes. Well, he signed a will, Brewster, the night before he died. And named you as executor."

Brewster drew in a quick breath. Money in that; and power.

"So you needn't worry about taking responsibility," Cramer went on. "As vice-president, you're responsible to yourself as executor—or as temporary administrator, rather, as soon as you can get the surrogate to give you letters of administration. Then you can conduct the operations of the estate under that authority. In the meantime— Well, better be conservative; don't do any more than you judge you have to."

"Very well, Mr. Cramer. But—temporary administration? Is there likely to be any trouble about getting the will admitted to probate?"

"Quite a lot, I'm afraid," said Cramer dryly. "It's a curious will—the reflection of a curious man. I warned him that he was making a lot of work for you and me, but nobody could tell him anything. I think you'd better come up here and go over this will with me, just as soon as you can—"

"I could come up right away if you like, Mr. Cramer."

"I wish you would, Mr. Brewster."

Brewster's pallid cheeks glowed with triumph. Cramer, who had known him ever since his clerkship days, had never called him Mister before. But that title of respect was due to the man who for all practical purposes, now, was Jasper Hawes.

THE hallboy telephoned that the car was waiting; Gail hobbled out, one leg stiff in its plaster cast, leaning on a crutch. She hated to be seen with it, even by Miss Beeding and Marcum. Marcum eyed it sourly.

"As bad as that, Miss Perrin?"

"Not really. But Dr. Ohrstrom thought that for a few days I'd better have something to lean my weight on."

They drove to the church in silence. Marcum got out, helped Miss Beeding out, then Gail. Holding to the car door, she reached in for her crutch; he took it away from her, threw it back inside.

"Lean your weight on my arm," he said. "Half this mob will be keeping their eyes on you. We don't want them to see a crutch."

She leaned on him, barely touching her foot to the ground; he was a steadier support than any crutch.

She didn't pay much attention to the service; but she thought all the while of Jasper—a man who had loved her, whom she must have treated with unconscious cruelty. She felt like crying; but she held back the tears, conscious of the eyes that were on her. . . . Charles Cramer, half a dozen pews in front, glanced back now and then at her impassive face. The girl had guts—and was going to need them.

At last the flower-banked coffin went down the aisle on the shoulders of the undertaker's men; behind it the honorary pallbearers, two by two—a long line of them; some whom Gail knew, others whose faces she recognized, big men of Wall Street. Then the people who were going to the cemetery filed out slowly; again she clung to Marcum's arm, her face stony—but as the car rolled away, tears oozed down her cheeks.

Miss Beeding was crying a little, too; Marcum was staring bleakly out of the window. But when Gail failed to control a sob he looked at her uneasily—thinking about her, she realized, not about Jasper Hawes.

"Sorry," she said. "But I—I can't help it. . . . Nobody ever did anything for him. Anything real."

"He made it pretty hard to do anything for him," said Marcum wearily. "But you're right. He never got much of a break—anywhere."

His hands were clenched; Gail felt that he was even more distressed than she. She leaned forward, laid her hand on his.

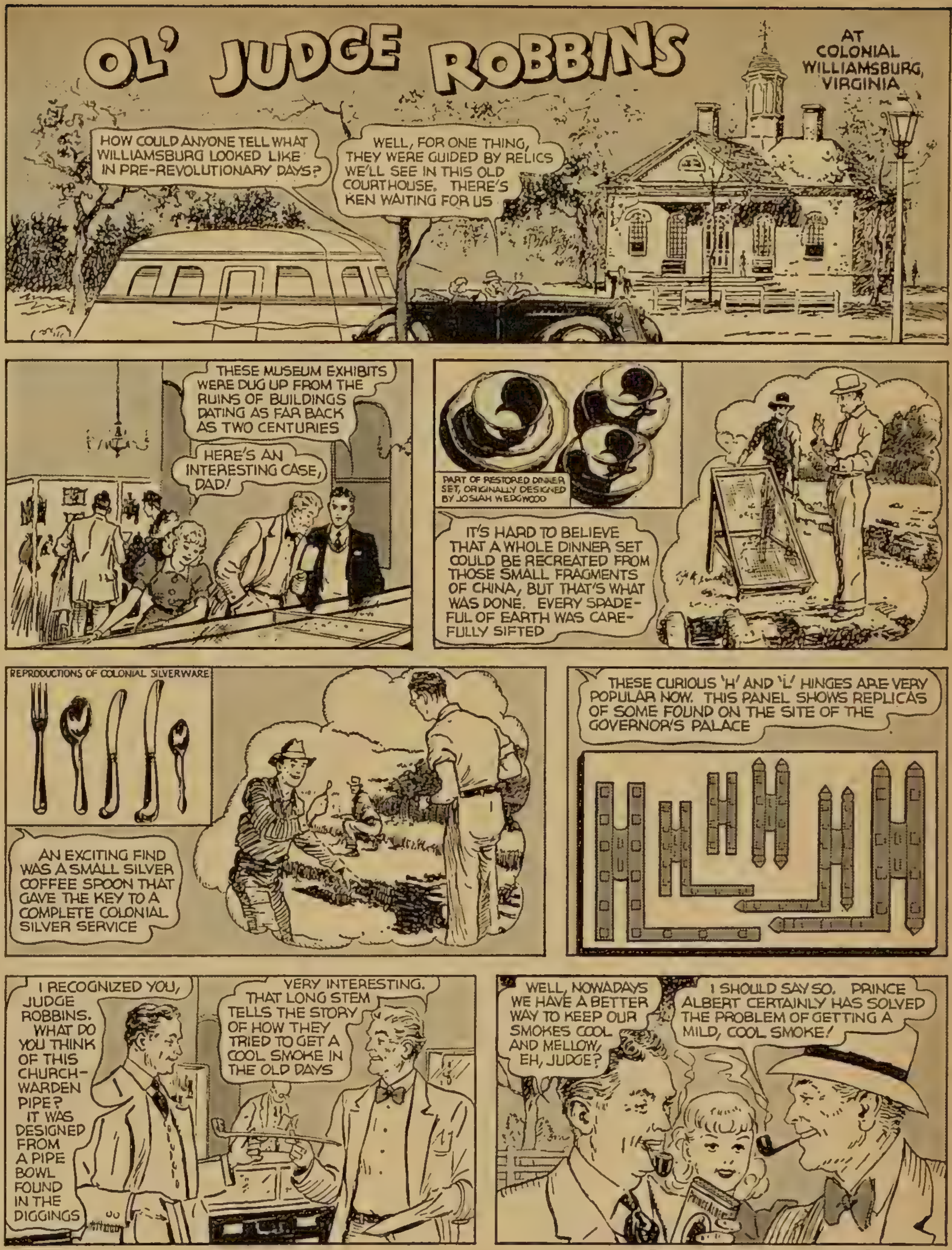
"Don't feel so badly," she said. "I think you probably did more for him than anybody. And he liked you—"

"I know it!" Marcum groaned, and there was torment in his eyes. But no more was said till they were approaching the cemetery. Then—"Stop crying if you can," he advised quietly, "and see if you can fix your face."

Thanks to that reminder, she looked reasonably presentable beside the grave. . . . And at last that was over. On Marcum's arm, she started slowly back to the car. Brewster detached himself from a group, intercepted her.

"Gail, I still have a thousand things to attend to, but I'd like to call on you, after dinner." She nodded. "Will you take her to Mr. Cramer's car, Marcum?" he said. "He—he has some things to say to you, Gail."

Mr. Brewster would have preferred to break the news to her himself, but you wouldn't have known that from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THESE MUSEUM EXHIBITS WERE DUG UP FROM THE RUINS OF BUILDINGS DATING AS FAR BACK AS TWO CENTURIES
HERE'S AN INTERESTING CASE, DAD!
PART OF RESTORED DINNER SET, ORIGINALLY DESIGNED BY JOSIAH WEDGWOOD
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT A WHOLE DINNER SET COULD BE RECREATED FROM THOSE SMALL FRAGMENTS OF CHINA, BUT THAT'S WHAT WAS DONE. EVERY SPADEFUL OF EARTH WAS CAREFULLY SIFTED
REPRODUCTIONS OF COLONIAL SILVERWARE
AN EXCITING FIND WAS A SMALL SILVER COFFEE SPOON THAT GAVE THE KEY TO A COMPLETE COLONIAL SILVER SERVICE
THESE CURIOUS 'H' AND 'L' HINGES ARE VERY POPULAR NOW. THIS PANEL SHOWS REPLICAS OF SOME FOUND ON THE SITE OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE
I RECOGNIZED YOU, JUDGE ROBBINS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS CHURCHWARDEN PIPE? IT WAS DESIGNED FROM A PIPE BOWL FOUND IN THE DIGGINGS
VERY INTERESTING. THAT LONG STEM TELLS THE STORY OF HOW THEY TRIED TO GET A COOL SMOKE IN THE OLD DAYS
WELL, NOWADAYS WE HAVE A BETTER WAY TO KEEP OUR SMOKES COOL AND MELLOW, EH, JUDGE?
I SHOULD SAY SO. PRINCE ALBERT CERTAINLY HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF GETTING A MILD, COOL SMOKE!
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SCIENTIST
I CAN PAY THE PRICE OF ANY TOBACCO, BUT PRINCE ALBERT HITS ME RIGHT FOR MILDNESS—IT'S NO-BITE TREATED!
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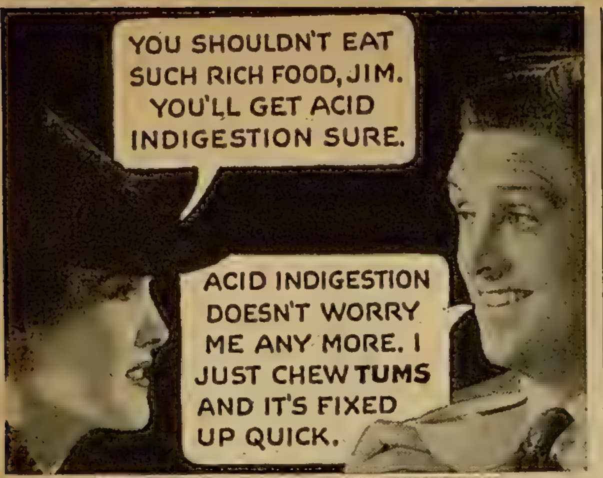
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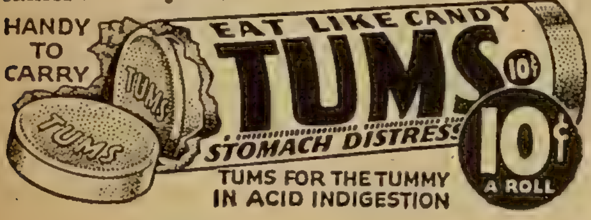

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his pallid inscrutability. Marcum led her to Cramer's car, helped her in.

“I'll leave the crutch downstairs in your apartment house, Miss Perrin.”

He closed the door and was gone before it occurred to her that she might not see him again. Funny that the last words she might ever hear from him were about a crutch; funny as a crutch—

She checked that impulse to hysteria and turned, composed, to Cramer.

GAIL—” he began, and smiled wryly. “I've no right to call you Gail,” he said. “But it's a habit I've got into; I hope you'll excuse it.” He paused; then— “You impress me as a woman of courage and integrity, and you're going to need them both. Do you know anything about Jasper's will?”

“No. Why should I?” But her heart began to pump faster.

“He was a very peculiar man,” Cramer sighed. “I was fond of him, in so far as he ever let anybody be fond of him; but his peculiarities are going to give us a lot of trouble. However, the point is that, except for a few trivial bequests to servants and so on, he left everything to you.”

For a moment she was stunned, speechless. Then, feebly, “Everything?” she said. “But—fifty million dollars?”

“That seems to have been what he thought he was worth. But taxes will be terrific, administrative expenses will be heavy. If he was right about the gross value, figure it as something like fifteen million, net.”

“But even that—” she said. “I simply can't visualize it. And why?”

“I gather,” said Cramer, “that you once must have told him—rather injudiciously, I'm afraid—what you would do with a lot of money—”

“What? Oh, yes. I remember. I said I'd help people—”

“Mention any particular people?” he asked. She shook her head. “Ever tell any particular people you'd like to help them?”

“I don't think so. I never had enough to help anybody.” (And now—)

“That makes it a little easier,” said Cramer. “For he insisted in expressing his hope that you'd give away as much as you chose—as much or as little, for legally you don't have to give away a nickel—in accordance with some suggestions he'd left you in a memorandum—”

“A memorandum?” she broke in. “But he never— I can't recall—”

Yes, thought Cramer, she certainly is a woman of courage; but I'm not so sure, any more, about the integrity.

“You can't?” he flung at her in the voice that had so often scared reluctant witnesses into telling the truth. “Think hard, now. A memorandum to be opened in the event of his death. He never gave it to you?”

“I'm sorry, Mr. Cramer,” she said helplessly. “He never did.”

He was staring hard at her, his steely gray eyes probing hers.

“I believe you,” he said with a chuckle. “And you can't possibly know what a compliment that is. After what I've seen of human nature in forty-odd years of law practice, I believe you. Well! That's going to make it harder. I insisted on his striking that out, and he did, but he died before he had time to sign a fresh copy of the will with that point omitted. Understand, you're not bound by that memorandum, even if you find it; wouldn't have been, even if he hadn't struck it out. You're the sole residuary legatee; you can keep every cent of his money—”

“Fifteen million dollars? Good heavens, what would I ever do with that?” (But I could keep some of it, anyway; I could use a little more.) “But anyway,” she said, “how could mention of that make trouble?”

“Another argument for undue influence. For this will is going to be contested, Gail, as no will has been in years.” He had to tell her, then, how and by whom it might be contested. “I think we can beat them,” he assured her. “If there were any near relatives—nephews, first cousins—Jasper would have known of them. More distant relatives make a fainter impression. Big money is worth shooting at; some of the best lawyers in town will be trying to break this will—and you've got to be prepared to see yourself held up before the public as a grasping harpy who got her claws into an old half-wit.”

“It doesn't seem worth it—” she began miserably. But—all the people she knew whom a little money would set on their feet; the Reicks, for instance—or Rena, who deserved a better chance than she had ever had. Not to speak of Gail Perrin, who faced a choice between looking for a job as stenographer and what she chose to keep out of fifteen million dollars. . . . “But perhaps it is,” she sighed. (I can take it; Marcum said so.)

“Most people would think it is,” Cramer agreed dryly. “It's going to be hard for you, but if you keep your chin up— Unfortunate you can't find that memorandum; it would help disarm the contestants.”

“I suppose it would. If I could give some people money right away—”

“You're not going to get any yourself, right away. It takes time to settle an estate like this, even without contests; and it may be a couple of years before we can get the contests cleared out of the way.”

“But I suppose Ed Brewster—you said he was the executor, didn't you?—could advance me something from time to time. I know when my father died, and I was still in school—that was only a few hundred, of course—”

“And you were the next of kin. If Brewster turned over any money to you now he'd be personally liable, in case the will was broken. I don't think it will be, but he couldn't risk it. If you need money—”

“I don't now,” she said. “I won't for a year, at least.” For she had remembered those ten thousand-dollar bills Hawes had given her. She had every right to keep that money now.

"That's fortunate," said Cramer. "When you do need more, I might lend you some personally. I ought to be willing to bet that much on my ability to draw a will that can't be broken. And in the meantime— This will is to be presented to the surrogate in a couple of days, and then prepare for the storm. You'll get begging letters by the ton from people who think the money's going to be turned over to you right away; you'll be approached much more smoothly by highly respectable people, who'll want to get as much as they can for worthy causes; and of course the papers will make your life miserable. Better hire yourself a first-rate secretary—and a first-rate press agent."

"Press agent? I don't want any publicity." (If she had become a dancer— But not this kind of publicity.)

"You don't want it but you're going to get it; the best you can do is to see that it does as little harm as possible. Don't talk to newspapermen; you'd say the wrong things. Get somebody who knows how, to talk for you." (Jimmy! she thought instantly. He'd do that, to help me out.) "Also," said Cramer thoughtfully, "you might well need a bodyguard; for if this will sticks—and I think it will—you'll be worth several hundred times your weight in gold." (Why, she thought, I could keep Marcum. Jasper left me the car, and I'll need a chauffeur.) "And when you've got the money," he finished, "remember this—money, in that quantity, is power. Men who have enough to live in luxury might still want power. You're an extremely attractive woman; but when this estate is settled you won't be a woman any more, to most people. You'll be fifteen million dollars with a woman attached—fifteen million locked up in a safe-deposit box to which a woman is the key. Whoever gets the key gets the money."

WHEN she got home she mixed herself a cocktail, but even after that she still felt stunned, felt as if she had lost her personality. All her habits, her ways of thinking, her memories, and her expectations—everything that made up the character known as Gail Perrin—were geared to a modest income. When she got all that money she wouldn't be the Gail Perrin people had known; she'd be—money, with a woman attached.

Presently she hobbled, on the crutch Marcum had left for her, to her clothes closet, felt in the match pocket of her evening cape. Yes, that roll of thousand-dollar bills was still there. Too late to put it in the bank, but she could keep it in the wall safe in her bedroom. She put it away, then hobbled back to her chaise longue and told Rena the news.

"Well?" said Rena with amazing calm. "I thought he'd leave you something, but I didn't expect he'd leave you everything. When do you get it?"

"Oh, not for quite a while—a year, or more. But meantime I can keep this apartment—and you, Rena, of course—"

"Won't you be wanting a larger apartment, more servants?"

"Why should I? Do you think I enjoy showing off?"

"Most people live up to what they've got. You'd soon get used to it."

"Well, I don't intend to! I'm not going to keep all of it, Rena—just enough to—to be comfortable. The rest—I think I'll use it to help people whom just a little money will set on their feet."

"There may not be as many of them as you think. And better not tell anybody you're going to give them anything till you've got it to give. . . . I've made over the tail of that beefsteak into hash for dinner, but if you'd rather I'd telephone for another steak—"

"No, don't do that, Rena. We'll eat what's left in the icebox."

She's deflating me, Gail perceived, and she's probably right. Till I've got it to give—

AN hour after dinner Brewster appeared. Smiling pallidly, he drew up a chair beside the chaise longue where she sat, her legs extended.

"Well," he said, "I suppose Cramer told you. Quite a surprise, I imagine; as it will be to other people. For that matter, I was surprised to be named executor. The chief was always so secretive. Cramer explained the probability of contests, I suppose?" She nodded. "A great pity," he sighed. "You're going to find it very embarrassing, Gail."

"I can take it," she said with a touch of defiance.

He smiled.

"Most people would be willing to try, for a reward as big as that. . . . Not that I have any idea offhand what the estate is worth; it will have to be appraised as of the date of death, and with so many holdings—Cramer warned you, I take it, that I can't begin the distribution while the contests are pending?" Again she nodded. "Well," he said, "the small bequests—ten thousand to Marcum and Miss Beeding, and so on—I'm willing to pay out of my own pocket. I don't think the will is going to be broken, and I could take that loss, anyway. And you— If I continued the allowance the chief gave you—two hundred a week, wasn't it?"

"It was a salary, not an allowance; and if you continued it—"

"Merely as a loan," he assured her hastily. "You'll need something to live on till we can settle the estate."

"I have enough to live on for a while." (He must know that was extra money Hawes had given her.) "If I need some after that, we'll see."

She didn't want to rebuff him too harshly; his offer had been clumsy, but he meant well. He shrugged.

"As you like. . . . We've got a

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tough time ahead of us—you and I and Cramer. He and I do the work, but you'll have to take the panning. I'd like to make things just as easy for you as I can, Gail."

"You made things easy for me today," she sighed, "at the funeral. As for what's coming, I don't see how anybody can make that any easier."

"You don't?" All at once he was quivering, his eyes were bright. "I'm asking you to marry me, Gail!"

He was leaning toward her; his face, his eyes, almost frightened her.

But she laughed. "Asking me? You're asking the Hawes estate to marry you, I think."

"Don't tell me you're dumb enough to think that! I want you—I've wanted you ever since I knew you! I can't get you off my mind—"

"I don't doubt it. But now you seem *doubly* anxious to marry me, just when—"

"Listen, you little fool," he broke in, with a sudden calmness that made him seem more formidable. "I knew this last night; you didn't. I could have asked you then—"

"And you think I'd have said yes, for a meal ticket?" she exploded.

"You might have; Harry Friedlander tells me you're through as a dancer. But I didn't ask you then; I thought you'd have sense enough to look at this reasonably. Last year you seemed to like me pretty well; but I didn't want to marry you then. And when the chief took you over—"

"So you still think—" she began furiously.

ARE you still worrying about what people think? When that will is published everybody who reads the papers will think—no, they'll know!—that Jasper Hawes was your lover. And when the contestants put in their claim of undue influence you'll be labeled for all time—a cold-blooded little tramp who took an old fool for millions! Whether it's true or not, you'll never wash off that label as long as you live." She shivered. "Of course," he said, "plenty of men would be willing to marry a woman like that—plenty! After she's got the money. But I'd hoped you wouldn't want men like that."

"I certainly wouldn't! But—"

"But that's the only kind you'll be able to get," he told her with a cool deadliness. "Unless somebody who knew you well enough to want you, rich or poor, somebody who was enough of a person in his own right to live down his wife's reputation— Perhaps you don't think I am?"

"I didn't a week ago. But since you stood up to Jasper that night, refused to have your fortune told— Still, Ed, that's not the answer."

"Love? Some boy about your own age who'd love you just for yourself, wouldn't care about the money?" (Jimmy loved me for myself, she caught herself reflecting, when I hadn't a nickel.) "You'll never be sure, my dear," he told her. "You'll never be sure. . . . Now listen. I've got plenty of money; more than I can ever spend. I don't need—"

"'Money like the Hawes estate is power,'" she quoted. "You want that."

"You fool, I've got that now. For four years—six, if I need it for liquidation to pay the taxes—I control the Hawes estate; and in four years I'll have enough of my own so that I won't need that. . . . You're really dumb, Gail. You've got a choice between the sort of fortune hunter who can swallow your reputation to get his hands on your money, and a man who could handle your fortune, make it grow, make you and himself together a power like Hawes. And when a man like that wants you—"

"I don't have to marry anybody, do I?" she said sulkily.

"You don't have to, but you will. You weren't meant for an old maid."

THE next day the reaction got her; exhausted to the point of collapse, she stayed in bed, most of the time half asleep.

But the morning after that she felt better—still desperately tired, but without that sense that brittle nerves might snap at any moment. She stayed in bed, read the morning paper; nothing about the will. But—"Stocks Advance on Broad Front." So maybe, she couldn't help thinking, I'm worth a million dollars more than I was yesterday. . . .

On that comforting thought she drifted off to sleep, and again slept most of the day. A dozen times, in late afternoon, she was half awakened by jangling bells; but she'd told Rena she was answering no telephone calls today. It was late evening before she finally came clear awake.

"Rena!" she called. "I could eat something, if there's anything cold in the icebox. . . . Who was that who called?"

"The newspapers," said Rena, looking a little limp.

"Oh. So they've got the will. What did they want?"

"What didn't they!" said Rena. "Mostly a picture." (Getting a decent picture taken was something Gail had been putting off.) "They also wanted a statement from you; and when I told them you weren't well enough, they wanted me to tell them all about you. Half a dozen reporters are still camped downstairs; I had to put the chain on the door—"

"Poor Rena! I suppose somebody ought to talk to them—somebody who'd know what to say. Call up the Morning Record, Rena; I want to talk to Jimmy Yates."

But he wasn't there; it was his day off. He wasn't at home, either.

"Oh, well, let it go," Gail sighed. "We don't have to talk to anybody. But call up the newsstand, Rena, and ask them to send up all the papers tomorrow morning."

She read them at breakfast, and lost her appetite. Even the discreet phrases of the conservative papers told a plain enough story: The legatee of Jasper Hawes' millions—the Richest Girl in the World, the Record called her—was a former chorus girl and stenographer who had lately been the hostess at his famous suppers; who lived in a smart apartment on Central Park West, at which (according to the hallboys) Mr. Hawes had been a frequent visitor. But the tabloids! She never got to what they said about her; never got beyond the picture spread all over the front page.

"Why," she gasped aloud, "I'm practically naked! And it's not even a bathing picture!" (The scanty brassière, the scantier shorts were less than any bathing suit.) "Where could they ever have got *that?*"

Of course! One of the costumes—if you could call it that—of the chorus in the revue she had played in three years ago; no doubt the press agent had provided it—cut it out of a group picture, for she had never been important enough to be photographed alone. But there it was; and if there remained any doubt in the public mind as to the sort of girl who had inherited an old man's fortune, that picture cleared it up.

She was still staring at it in humiliation when Cramer telephoned.

How is Gail going to fight such blighting publicity? Who will rise up as her champion? What is Marcum, the real heir to the Hawes' millions, going to do? There is dynamite under every move ahead, and explosions begin deadly work in the next issue of Liberty.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Woodrow Wilson.

2—Dawson, Juneau.

3—General John Joseph Pershing.

4—Yes—from March, 1931, to July, 1937.

5—Neither, since mallets are not employed in water polo.

6—Dr. Charles Mercier, the Mayor of Monts, France. The other chief participants were, of course, H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield.

7—France.

8—Molly Pitcher.

9—Kalamazoo, Michigan.

10—The Committee for Industrial Organization was organized by officials of eight international unions which at the time were affiliated with the A. F. of L.

11—A battleship such as the U. S. S. Washington, which weighs about two and a half times as much as the Brooklyn Bridge.

12—Ethel, Lionel, and John Barrymore (Blythe's stage name was Maurice Barrymore).

13—The Bay of Bengal.

14—Mica.

15—That of barbers.

16—Of birch, boxwood, and lemonwood, as well as of orangewood.

17—Paul Muni.

18—Ethyl alcohol or grape brandy.

19—Disregarding the value of other metals in the alloy, $52.50. Pure gold is 24-carat gold.

20—

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

MY TRANSPARENT MAN!

SCIENCE has built a glass man. You can see right through him and watch the way he works. But that's nothing new to me. I have a transparent man in my own home. What's more, he is the second one I've had there! I really should say, "my transparent *men*," for I have had two husbands.

The first ten years of my life I was oblivious to the male sex. The next ten years I was impressed by it. The third ten years I spent in weeping and tearing my hair over it. By the middle of the fourth decade I have learned to laugh at it.

It took me thirty-five years and two husbands to discover the simple, elemental truth about men. Lots of women are smart enough to learn it on one husband. Others never learn it, as witness the Peggy Joyces who go right on marrying. Wallie has probably found out already that even a king makes no difference. Duke, financier, or corner-drugstore clerk—they're all alike. As Faithful Mary said about Father Divine, "He may be God to some people. But to me he's just a plain man!"

On the surface, dressed up for company, there appears to be a good deal of variety to the species. Primus, my first husband, was tall, dark, temperamental and artistic. Thinking to change my luck, I chose his antithesis for my next venture. Secundus, the present incumbent, is short, blond, matter-of-fact and mathematical. Opposites mean nothing, however. There are red apples and green apples. But they are still apples.

So it does no good, if you're disillusioned with a redhead, to turn for consolation to a gentleman with interesting iron-gray temples. He'll be "different" only until the minister announces you man and wife. Once a man, always a man, you see. Even the marriage service recognizes *that*. But a woman—get this—becomes a wife. Her status is changed. His isn't.

All my life I have been a lone female, thrown to the vagaries of the male sex. I was brought up, after my mother's death, by a father and three older brothers. They alternately spoiled me and made unreasonable demands on me.

Twice a doctor has stood over my hospital cot and beamed as he congratulated, "It's a boy!"

At present my household consists of myself and *five* males—Secundus, two sons, a Scottie pup, and a Filipino servant whom Secundus insisted on retaining along with a lot of other habits from his bachelor days.

So what *this* young gal doesn't know about men is negligible, especially when you throw in the first husband, who, male-like, refuses to sink gracefully into the background and take a back seat in my life. He has the children for an excuse. Men are full of excuses.

At first Secundus had me fooled. I actually believed I had been able to isolate a specimen who was, if not unique, at least different from my first mistake.

Secundus was neat. Primus had been untidy. Secundus was social. Primus had growled at people who wanted to be friendly. Secundus was a born family man. Primus resisted being penned up in any sort of cage. His violent temper had been my despair. With Secundus I could even argue religion or politics and be safe from bodily harm. It made him a bit duller to live with. But as a woman gets older she'd rather be bored than beaten.

Does all this mean that life with my darling Secundus is as smooth as a theme song? Nay, nay, children. Guess again. True, he does not keep me dangling on the edge of an active volcano. I find myself sitting on a cake of ice instead. For the things that used to send Primus into a *frenzy* make Secundus *freeze*, and the temperature of our domestic paradise drops below zero. Incidentally, it takes longer for a glacier to thaw out than for a crater to stop erupting and cool off. So I'm still slave to the sex!

Now here's my special contribution to the Discovery of the American Man. His apparent differences are only superficial. It's always the same impulses that motivate him.

Strangely enough, sex is not responsible for this. It's *ego*. Men simply have to feel important or else they're miserable. Scratch their pride or disturb their very shaky confidence in themselves as business men, husbands, fathers, or lovers, and watch the fireworks begin. It's ludicrous—and somehow pathetic.

For men really are not at all sure of themselves. They need woman to bolster them, and pat them on the back, and make them throw their chests out. She is more essential to them as mother than as mistress. Play wet nurse to a man's ego, and he's yours for life. Satisfy merely his sex urge, and you'll lose him to the next pretty face and trim pair of ankles.

A husband's insistence on uxorial fidelity is less morality than pride. His ego cannot stand the shock of finding some one else preferred to himself, even temporarily. It isn't his wife's virtue that he's concerned about. It's his own vanity. It's ego—plain and unadultery-ated! So don't be complimented by his jealousy. It does not mean, as he will try to persuade you, that he loves you. It means that he loves himself. To hold you is essential to his conceit. And he isn't at all sure, poor thing, of his ability to hold you!

My first marriage went to Reno because I didn't realize that changing husbands is only helping history to repeat itself. Every woman searches hopefully for a man who will give her a stiff neck from looking up to him. But he doesn't exist!

Now that I have found my second husband essentially no different from the first, will this marriage also go to the bowwows? No! Because I've learned my lesson. I know now that a third, fourth, or fifth husband would still be just a man. And men are all alike! So I'm going to stick to Secundus and make him happy. It's easy. All successful marriages are achieved the same way.

Take one clever woman (yourself) and any man. Never let him know that you are smarter than he is. Keep him well inflated. Spend his money as recklessly as you like, forget to dust the living room, let the furnace go out, neglect the baby . . . but never, never slap him down. And never, never let him suspect that, as far as you're concerned, he's just the Transparent Man from the museum!

THE END

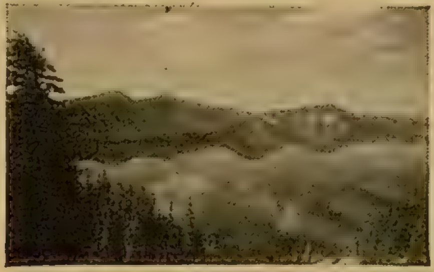
For feminine eyes alone! An American wife tells how she manages her husband

An American Airlines plane, one of the delightful means of travel open to the winners of this great contest

100,000 MILES FREE VACATION TRAVEL!

YOU still can get into this word game and win your summer vacation travel-mileage that will take you farther, perhaps, than you have ever dreamed of going. Don't hesitate to try. Your chance is excellent, but you can't win unless you enter. The rules explain exactly how to win. Read them carefully. To help you get started, suppose you find the jumble YONLOWTESEL, for example. You will be able to rearrange it into YELLOWSTONE. Easy, isn't it? And that's the way to solve all the jumbles. When you have completed the solutions on Coupon 2 on this page you will need to solve Coupon 1 in order to bring your entry up to date. A request to the address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing, will bring you a reprint of the first coupon, which can be solved at your leisure.

Beach at Gloucester
New England Council photo



Togus Lake and Mt. Katahdin
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Your Chance Is Excellent to Make Your Dream Vacation Come True if You Will Follow These Brief, Simple Regulations

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names, each of which, when the letters are rearranged in correct order, will form the name of a well known vacation resort.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list your solutions for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than one hundred words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement will be adjudged the best and will receive the First Prize of 25,000 miles of transportation figured at two cents a mile. In the order of their excellence on this basis, vacation mileage will be awarded to the next best entries as follows: Second Prize, 12,500 miles; three Third Prizes, 5,000 miles each; ten Fourth Prizes, 2,500 miles each; and twenty-five Fifth Prizes, 900 miles each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resort Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 8, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

No. 2 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON!

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1. DEAMOHOSE ....
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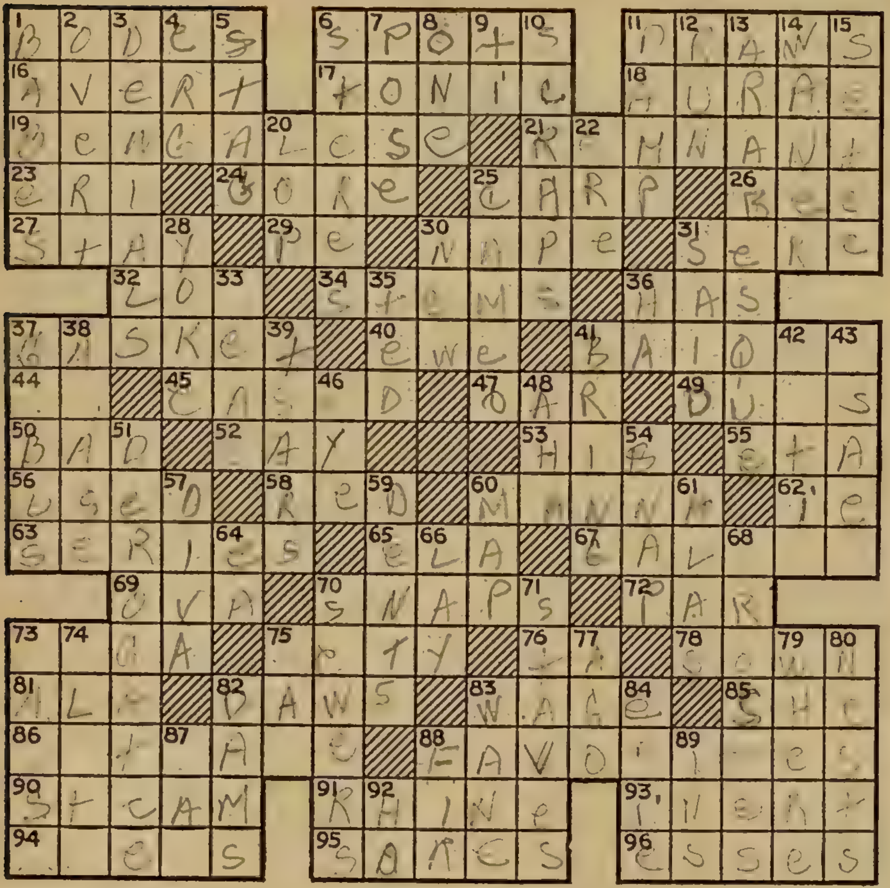
3. OOOPSNC ....
4. DONCHMIR ....
5. HEILVALSE ....
6. CIAMKANC ....
7. SUONCT ....
8. PLEDENOTN ....
9. SOSARAAT ....
10. LASVUNYEL ....

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Augurs
6 Dots
11 Pulls
16 Ward off
17 Of sounds
18 Invisible emanations
19 Native of Bengal
21 Fragment
23 Silkworm
24 Clotted blood
25 Cavil
26 Insect
27 Sojourn
29 Brazilian measure
30 Part of the neck
31 Withered
32 Base
34 Stalks
36 Owns
37 Woven container
40 Sheep
41 One of the characters in Shakespeare's Macbeth
44 Jewish month
45 Alleviated
47 Row
49 Eviscerates
50 Evil
52 Fish
53 Pronoun
55 Greek letter
56 Utilized
58 Color
60 Miraculous food
62 For example (abbr.)
63 Sequence
65 Note in Guido's scale
67 In abundance
69 Eggs
70 Small hand shears
72 Parity
73 City in Latvia
75 Native of Latvia
76 Element (symbol)
78 Stitched
81 Old money of account
82 Jackdaws
83 Pay
85 Pronoun
86 Oatmeal cake
88 Short curls
90 Vapor
91 One of the best-known rivers in Germany
93 Inactive
94 Tries
95 Painful spots
96 Worms

ARMAMENTRACE MR
REAL■LEWIS■ALOE
ANNA■ISAAC■TALC
BOYCOTT■■ORIOLE
   RUE■BATON■■S
 STIR■DAN■OGLES
UNIT■PURGED■INI
MARY■ERRED■UNDO
BKE■BABELS■KEEN
RYDER■ILS■FUND
E■■SIGNS■CAL
LOITER■■ARRESTS
LUSH■AWARE■LIRE
ACME■SHEET■ERIE
SH REPOSSESSION

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Infants
2 Public
3 Contradictions
4 Measure of energy
5 Deer
6 Metric measure (pl.)
7 Act
8 Pronoun
9 Note of the scale
10 Fragments
11 Moist
12 Manage
13 Kind of ornament
14 Paler
15 Long seat (var.)
20 Cut off
22 Sooner than
25 Gem carved in relief
28 Pair of oxen
30 Fresh
31 Intoned
33 Last under use
35 Man's nickname
36 Ejaculation
37 Hindu gentlemen
38 Reduce
39 Autocrats
41 Fetch
42 Speak
43 County in Kansas
46 Watch narrowly
48 Exclamation
51 Detracts
54 Break suddenly
57 Prima donna
59 Small hollows
60 Chart
61 Interjection
64 Assyrian deity
66 Came to rest
68 Son of Agamemnon
70 Drains
71 Parts of a barrel
73 Perch
74 Ill-tempered
75 The strutting of a capercaillie cock
77 Since
79 Whither
80 Cozy abodes
82 Mother of a quadruped (pl.)
83 Diminish
84 American Indian
87 Cat-o'-nine-tails
88 Tree
89 Politicians in power
92 Exclamation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Former Governor Hoffman and the Lindbergh Case

LONG BRANCH, N. J.—Orchids to Liberty for its illuminating series by former Governor Harold G. Hoffman on the Lindbergh case. What the best minds in his home state think of Hoffman is indicated by the tribute paid him by Governor A. Harry Moore, a political opponent, at the Moore inauguration, as "a humanitarian, a statesman, a man who has filled the office of Governor with courage and distinction." All honor to the brave official who invites oblivion by defying mob frenzy to do his duty.—*B. B. Bobbitt.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I am getting rather sore at Liberty—almost to the point of stopping my weekly purchase of it. Why? Well, because you are eternally bringing up the Hauptmann case. Let him rest, since he got adequately punished for the killing of Lindbergh's baby. Stop minimizing his crime and trying to find him innocent. Let his execution help to deter others from the kidnaping business.—*N. J. Werner.*

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. —Very interested in articles by ex-Governor Hoffman about the Hauptmann case. I *do* hope that through him the real criminals will be found. I have always thought poor Hauptmann was the victim of circumstantial evidence and prejudice.—*Frank Mac.*

TRENTON, N. J.—In Liberty of November 28, 1936, Paul H. Wendel wrote an article in which he was supposed to tell all. He said in part, "I knew I had done nothing that could possibly incur action by G-men or any other law-enforcement officers, and I was boiling at being subjected to such treatment."

In Liberty of February 5, 1938, former Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey wrote an article about the Lindbergh case. He wrote in part, "And later, when Parker dared to accuse in connection with the crime one Paul Wendel—a notorious former lawyer who at the time of his apprehension by Parker was a fugitive from justice on embezzlement and other charges—"

The two quotations above belie each other. In a question of veracity, I prefer to believe the former New Jersey governor rather than the former attorney.—*Ruth Heitz.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I feel genuinely grateful for the articles by former Governor Harold G. Hoffman.

I am only one among millions all over the United States who feel that the Lindbergh case was far from settled by Bruno Richard Hauptmann's death. "We closed the case when Hauptmann was convicted," was the comment of Edgar J. Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation when questioned by a newspaperman a few days ago, in view of which stand it is too late a date to hope for a complete solution of the famous kidnap-murder case; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Hoffman's articles will arouse the intelligent justice-loving part of our population to the extent that similar bungling of a major case will not be tolerated again.—*Daniel Birgers, Assistant Editor, Vestkusten.*

DENVER, COLO.—The Liberal Church, Inc., duly thanks you for the series, What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case? by former Governor Hoffman, who at last tells his story.

This series will be used as the foundation of my sermon each Sunday. Governor Hoffman's story is a great national contribution. May God bless you—Amen.—*Frank H. Rice.*

UNLUCKY-AS-WELL-AS-DUMB CONTEST

DURHAM, N. C.—James Flynn of Grand Junction, Colorado (February 19 Liberty) asks Liberty to give the dumbbells a chance. Wonder what he thinks Vox Pop is for?—*H. Duard Hays.*

RICHMOND, VA.—James Flynn's idea is fine. Being one of the dumbbells who have never won a Liberty contest, I would like to know if I am unlucky as well as dumb.

Give us fans a chance to try our luck. Offer a small amount of money every week for a month or two. We will all have a lot of fun and can paste our name on a postal so you will not have the trouble of opening letters. Then you can put the cards on a table and turn on the electric fan, and the last one to fly away wins the prize. Does it sound as good to you as it does to me?—*Carrie Moore.*

TELLS TOMMY WHERE HE LIVES

CASPER, WYO.—In February 19 Vox Pop one Tommy Brehm wants to know where the heck he lives.

I shall be glad to enlighten him (from experience). When he is in Maine he starts to live, when he comes to Wyoming he really lives, but when he goes back to Ohio he just exists.

Just in case he did not find it that way when he was out here, tell him to come back out and we will prove it to him. We must have overlooked him in the rush.—*Powder River Pete.*

PRAYER OF AMERICAN MOTHERS

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Mr. Macfadden writes such great editorials for Liberty that I am taking the "liberty" to write him. I am sure he will understand my heart and the fear that is haunting all the hearts of America's mothers, and perhaps he will give our plea a small space in his good and interesting magazine.

I am not seeking fame or money for this. Just want to help or do something for all these aching hearts. Please, will Mr. Macfadden print this poem in his widely read Liberty?—*Olla B. Black.*

Before I lay me down to sleep
A rendezvous I'm going to keep
With God in prayer.

I'll get right down upon my knees
And for my son I'm going to plead;
My heart I'll bare.

No Flanders Field, Lord, do I seek,
Nor Judas' kiss upon my cheek,
Nor trumpet's blare.

The war lords' cry is coming near;
My heart stands still, so cold with fear.
Lord, hear my cry!

You gave your Son, that Truth should live—
You know just what it means to *give*
Him up to die.

O Lord, I keep my rendezvous.
No power on earth can help but *You.*
Please, God Most High!

SINGING THAT HIGH F IN STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

WAUSAU, WIS.—Who is Mr. Vincent Lopez, to change a song as immortal as our famed Star-Spangled Banner, so that it can be sung with less effort?

When Francis Scott Key wrote this song, he was inspired by a battle. War was raging. He did not expect us to sit around sipping cocktails as we sang it. We stand at attention and give rise to our emotions, as an American will do. Yes, we should strain a bit to hit that high F after "so gallantly streaming."

It is said that Lopez has arranged it lower at this point, and will play it for the Daughters of the American Revolution, and if it pleases them they will ask Congress to make the change legal. As though Congress could rewrite a song written by a hero who made history as Key did! Why, it is an insult to Americanism. I am sure that our forefathers would blast any such frivolity.—*L. B. T.*

O
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Scotland Yard Methods versus American Police

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In February 19 Liberty your crime commentator, Anthony Abbot, compares Scotland Yard methods of police detection with those in use in America. It is interesting to note he praises American methods over those of the Yard.

I have often thought that English police and detectives, if called upon to solve a perplexing crime in this country, would make a terrible blunder of it. Why?

The great difference, I believe, which causes less crime in England than in this country is due to geographical differences. England is no larger than New England—or is it smaller?—and is completely surrounded by water. Now, may I inquire, if a prospective criminal was contemplating a crime, would he not think twice before he committed it in a small concentrated island like Great Britain, where all boats are watched carefully and the possibilities of escape and hiding are somewhat limited?

Now, suppose the same person had similar thoughts in this country. Well, there's Mexico, Canada, and the South, the Far West, the Middle West, the large cities and the small towns by the thousands where a person can hide out. In other words, a vast continent.

For that reason, I consider the American police, local, state, and federal, are so far superior to the English force that it makes them look like youthful students starting on their first lessons in capturing criminals.—*H. C. Y.*

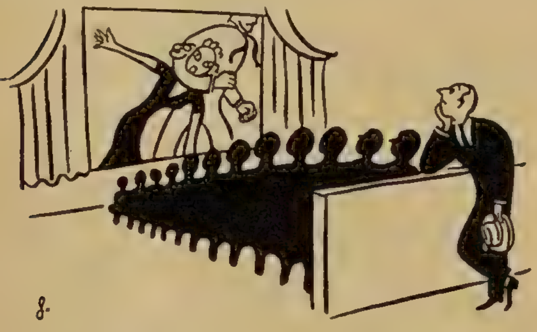
"WHEN THE PRESS CAN TELL THE PRESS"

CHICAGO, ILL.—Classed as the finest and timeliest gem of intelligence of the year, enter Mr. Macfadden's February 19 Liberty editorial, Newspapers Driving Nails into Their Own Coffins. When the press can rightfully tell the press, with plenty of evidence to support one's claim, I'd say, "You've got something." More power to Liberty, the "Little Giant" magazine!—*F. W. Ernst.*

WHY DOESN'T CAROLE LOMBARD GIVE UP?

KLAMATH FALLS, ORE.—The Mystery of Carole Lombard (February 5 Liberty) may be a new Hollywood problem, but why shove it off on us? When you start printing stuff like that, something must be wrong.

If Miss Lombard can't stand her superstrenuous professional career, why doesn't she give it up?—*Frank J. Pucci.*



CARL HINKLE ACKNOWLEDGES GREAT HONOR

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I feel that I received one of the greatest honors that could come to a football player when I was selected on the Liberty All-America All-Players team. This is a great honor, because the players themselves have the right to vote for the players they think deserve the places. A player can be a good judge of an opponent and I think you have a good system. I do not say this just because I was so honored but because I have always thought it was a good way of selecting such a team.

The fine gift from your splendid magazine is greatly appreciated and will serve as a constant reminder of the past season at Vanderbilt University. I will always keep the football as one of my prized possessions.—*Carl C. Hinkle, Jr.*

PAGE WANTED FOR HUMMERS

BAY PINES, FLA.—Your magazine, which holds such an inimitable place by merited preference, prompts me to this suggestion. Why not give us a page of the words of songs—both the currently popular ones and a sprinkling of the old ones popular in their time, and of those that live on through the ages?

How many times have you caught yourself humming a tune of some song you like, then soliloquizing, What *are* the words to that song?

Such a feature, I feel, would be received with welcome as much as your To the Ladies and Vox Pop and your publisher's editorials.—*E. S. Carr.*

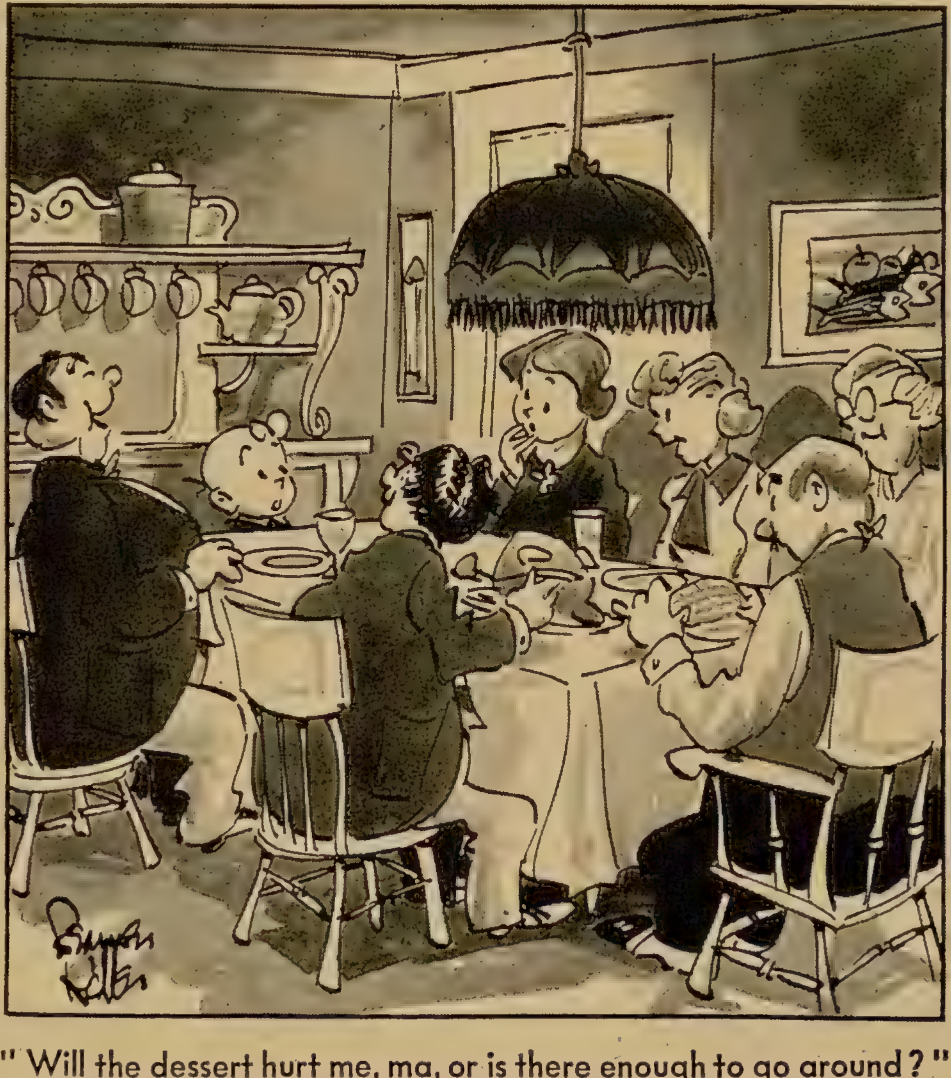
REALLY, MR. COE!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—After reading Charles Francis Coe's 3 Men in a Room (February 12 Liberty) I had to call for a restorative. For comes the denouement—Joe and Felly, unmasked as a couple of public enemies, are found to have acid-burned fingertips.

Two sentences lower one of the arresting gendarmes says, "Fingerprints on a bottle, a whisky bottle, that tipped us off."

Really, Mr. Coe! The law is a real nice profession.—*Gene Becker.*

"HARDTACK"



"Will the dessert hurt me, ma, or is there enough to go around?"

JAPS KNOW EVERY RIVET

DAVENPORT, IA.—The Fish or Torpedoes article of Guenther Reinhardt (February 12 Liberty) must be a shock to all thinking Americans.

The Japs no doubt are conversant with every rivet driven in the construction of our naval ships, but we are thoroughly in the dark as to even how many ships they are building, or their tonnage.

And yet our "weak sisters," whom we elect to represent us and look after our interests, allow all of the horrors of which Mr. Reinhardt speaks to happen with impunity.

If ever there was an occasion for Mr. Macfadden to spread himself in one of his inimitable editorials, I am sure this is the time and theme.—*J. H. Macdonald.*

LET'S HAVE MORE LIKE HER

BRADDOCK, PA.—That letter (January 22 Vox Pop) written by the lady signing herself "Less," and titled Married—and Glad of It, is just about the most sensible and wholesome letter I have ever read in Vox Pop.

If the women of our nation had half the wisdom of this woman, the divorce evil would be wiped out and about three fourths of the other evils our country is subjected to would be eliminated.—*Dr. J. E. L.*

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

A frank, forthright chronicle of doubt delves anew into the cryptic riddle of Jafsie—and reveals some secrets

by Former Governor

HAROLD G. HOFFMAN

of New Jersey

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LAST week Mr. Hoffman began demonstrating, by quoting official records, discrepancies among statements made at different times by Jafsie, and between some of his previous statements and his testimony at Flemington. The demonstration thus far has had to do, particularly, with Jafsie's avowed motives for entering the case; his choice of a Bronx newspaper for his offer to act as go-between; the opening of the letter to Colonel Lindbergh enclosed in the first ransom letter received by Jafsie; his phone talks with "John," and the other voices he overheard; his parleys with "John" at the cemeteries, his descriptions of him, and his eventual identification of Hauptmann.

PART TEN—LOCKED FILES, AND CONTRADICTIONS

THE things that Doctor Condon had done and said that fitted into the scheme of the prosecution were paraded at Flemington. His unexplainable actions—the things he wrote and said that did not fit in—are still being carefully protected from public scrutiny.

On February 17, 1936, Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf wrote to J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, requesting transcripts of the statements taken from Doctor Condon during the course of the Lindbergh investigation. In reply to this belated request—made over a year after Hauptmann had been convicted, largely on Doctor Condon's testimony—Assistant Director Harold Nathan, of the Bureau, advised that "Doctor Condon was interviewed by agents of the Bureau on more than one hundred occasions and that, consequently, the information obtained as a result of these interviews is distributed throughout the ninety volumes of files maintained by the Bureau in this case."

Recently my request for permission to examine these files was denied by Director Hoover, who held that under a regular department ruling an examination of the files could not be made by any person "not having a current official interest therein." A similar request made to Police Commissioner Valentine of New York brought forth a like refusal.

But when C. Lloyd Fisher, who is now Prosecutor of Hunterdon County, and who certainly has an *official current interest* in this case, and who desires to bring to the bar of justice *all* persons who were involved in the Lindbergh case, subsequently asked permission to view the records, *he, too, was refused access.*

Why this secrecy? One side of this case has been given the fullest public airing. If the police officials are *sure* that complete justice has been served, they should likewise be willing to prove to the world that they and their witnesses, including Jafsie, were right.

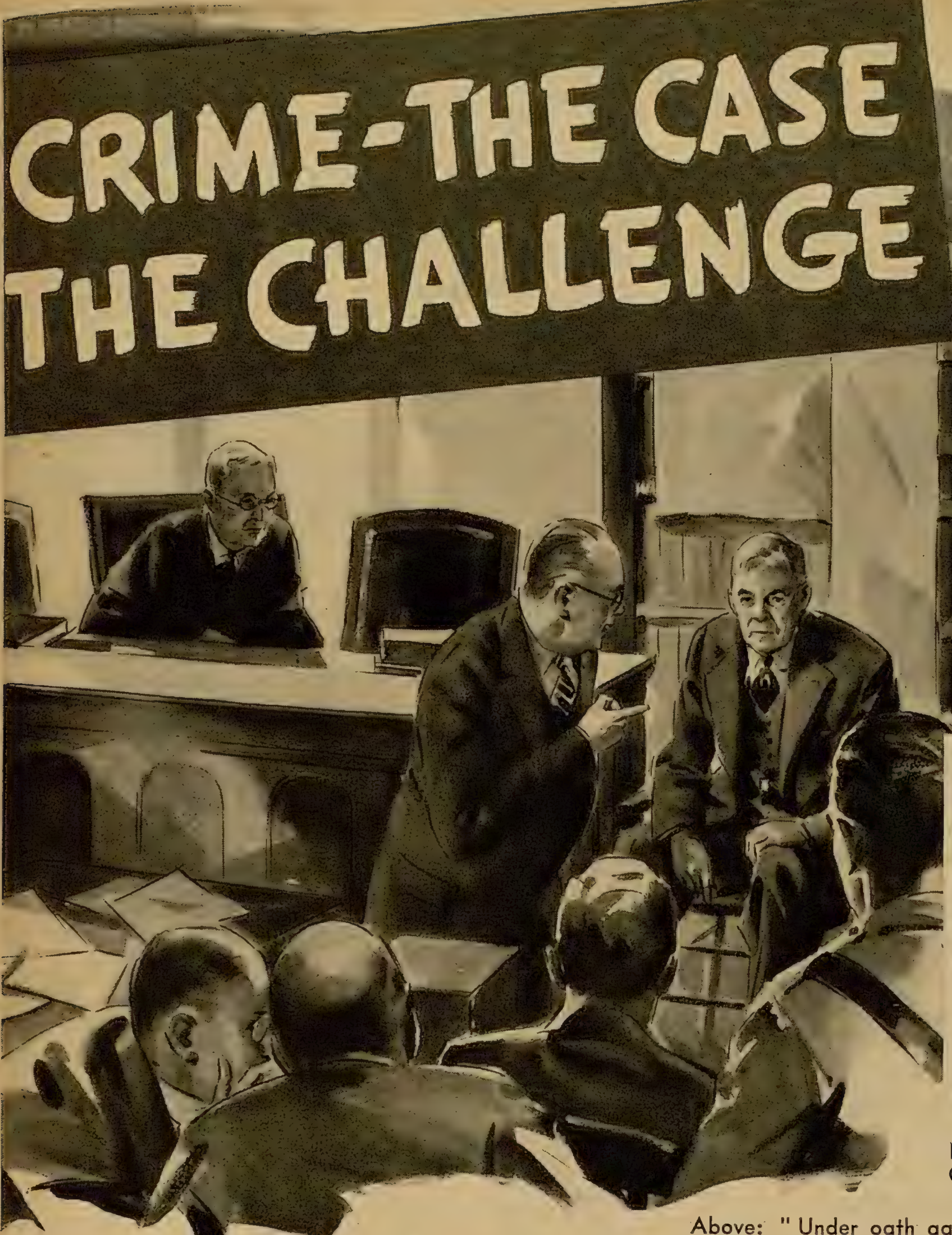
ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN HUGHES

It is represented today by the Department of Justice and by the New York Police that all important statements have already been turned over to the New Jersey authorities. If that is so, *they have been removed from the files.* Here and there I have been able to find a copy of a statement taken by Bureau of Investigation agents; but there is much of the record missing. The publication of these records in their entirety would be, I am sure, illuminating to the lovers of justice in America.

There is enough in the available record to arouse the suspicions of those who want, and who are entitled to, the complete truth in this case.

I have shown, from authentic records, that there were numerous discrepancies among the statements of Doctor Condon and changes in his testimony; that even Department of Justice records denounce some of his statements as "apparently untruthful"; that he was suspected by Colonel Lindbergh, by Department of Justice agents, and by Inspector Harry Walsh of the Jersey City Police, one of the smartest of the police officers who worked upon

CRIME-THE CASE THE CHALLENGE



Above: "Under oath again at Flemington, Jafsie told an entirely different story" about his parley with "John."

Robert Riehl, guard at Woodlawn Cemetery, who frightened "John."

the Lindbergh investigation, of knowing more than he told about the crime and the subsequent happenings.

It has been brought out previously that Jafsie gave different reasons for his use of the Bronx Home News to offer himself as a go-between, without authority, for the Lindberghs; that he changed his testimony on the stand, and in various statements given to the police, as to his knowledge that the sealed letter to the Colonel bore the telltale kidnap symbols; that he had said, prior to the trial, that men with Italian accents had been heard giving instructions to "John"; that he had reported "John" as mentioning "the people down South" and "Norfolk, Virginia" long before Curtis and the Norfolk angle were even brought into the case.

I have shown, from the stenographic transcript of the meeting with Department of Justice officials, that Colonel Schwarzkopf had reported Condon as saying that "John" went off to *two men in the background* on the night the ransom money was paid over the hedge in St. Raymond's Cemetery; that Schwarzkopf had maintained that the suicide of Violet Sharpe had tended "to confirm the suspicions of the investigating authorities concerning her guilty knowledge of the crime."

Now let's take up, in greater detail, Doctor Condon's visit to the Lindbergh home, where he spent the night in the nursery. There is his own story in Jafsie Tells All. On the night of March 9—or was it March 10? Condon's version differs from the official record—the good Doctor, accompanied by Rosenhain and Gaglio, had hurried to the Lindbergh residence. He had shown Colonel Lindbergh the letter, bearing the symbols, that he had received from the kidnaper. He had been immediately designated as the go-between for the Lindberghs, and invited to stay overnight.

Gaglio and Rosenhain were sent back to the Bronx. The only available room in the house, according to Condon, was the nursery, where Colonel Lindbergh, with army blankets, made a bed for him. He awoke at 8 A. M., and then began to find important clues that had been overlooked by a score of investigators and police for nine days. His hand strayed to the pillow of the crib, and "touched something, amid the bedclothing, that was metallic." The something turned out to be two large safety pins. Then the good Doctor had an idea. "Removing them," he said, "I placed them in . . . my pocket, and began an inspection of the room."

Walking to the east window, he found the "eloquent" imprint of the kidnaper's hand (how this must have chagrined Kelly, the fingerprint expert of the State Police, who testified that he didn't find a single fingerprint in the nursery!) right where the man had supported himself against the sash frame "with his left hand while holding the child with his right." Right away he estimated the intruder's height to be five feet ten or ten and one half inches. He found footprints, too!

Then he took three toys—wood-carved miniatures of a lion, a camel, and an elephant—out of the window box, and he was seated on the floor apparently playing with them when Colonel Lindbergh came in. After breakfast, Lindbergh, Breckinridge, and Condon agreed that it would be necessary to use a pseudonym in conducting the negotiations. Condon suggested several. Significantly, two of them were "L. O. Nestar (Lone Star)" and "L. O. Nehand (Lone Hand)." Condon, in the Lindbergh case, was to be a Lone Star and a Lone Hand, but it was decided that his sudden happy choice was the best. "By putting my initials together," he said, "I get one: J. F. C. —Jafsie." "Fine," said Colonel Lindbergh. "Use that one. It will mask your name from every one but the man who wrote to you."

So Condon became Jafsie; but why? Condon's first note to the Bronx Home News was signed "Condon." The ransom letter to Lindbergh said that "Condon may act as go-between." Then, without the knowledge of the letter writer, they concocted the name "Jafsie." How would the kidnaper know any more than anybody else that Jafsie was Doctor Condon?

The police and the prosecution repeatedly tried to create the impression that no one but the writer of the original nursery note could have obtained the "symbol signature" and that, therefore, the writers of the subsequent notes were the actual kidnapers. I have shown that Rosner made a copy of the symbol from the note; that he showed it to Spitale and to Bitz; and that photographic copies were shown by members of the State Police. Condon, by his own admission, made a copy of the symbol, and *showed it to every one he met.* His exact words are: "I sketched it on a piece of paper and carried it with me. I showed it to every one I met, asked about it. And finally, late that evening, I found some one who recognized it. A Sicilian friend of mine explained the symbol. It was, he said, the symbol of a secret organization in Italy and was known as the *Trigamba,* or Three Legs."

BEAR in mind, please, that Condon is writing about *late that evening* of the day after his visit to Hopewell. Robert H. Thayer says that, before Condon was told to open the enclosed sealed envelope addressed to Colonel Lindbergh, the Doctor had stated that "it was signed with the sign of the Mafia."

On March 6, 1934 (I am now quoting from a report of Agent J. E. Seykora of the Federal Bureau of Investigation) Doctor Condon said, in contradiction to his other statements, that "John" spoke with a Scandinavian or German accent; that he had received on March 12, 1932, a telephone call from an unknown man who stated that he was calling from Westchester Square, Bronx, New York City, and that "this man spoke with an *Italian accent.*" The report continues: "Doctor Condon further stated that during this telephone conversation he heard other Italian voices apparently speaking to others in the room, telling them 'Stat Zit' (phonetic), which he stated was an Italian expression meaning 'Shut up.'" Doctor Condon was later to tell also of seeing a man, "apparently a Calabrese Italian," near Woodlawn Cemetery. A State Police report says that it "is an Italian characteristic to do business in a cemetery."

Let us go through the few available records to get Doctor Condon's stories of the safety pins, which he held to be highly important.

Here is the Woodlawn Cemetery story, as he tells it in Jafsie Tells All (Liberty, February 1, 1936): "Eager now to have further proof that I was dealing with the right man, I took from my pocket the little canvas pouch in which were the two blanket pins. . . . 'Have you ever seen these before?' I asked. . . . 'Yes,' he replied. 'Those pins fastened the blankets to the maddress in the baby's grib. Near the top. Near the pillow.' 'That is right,' I agreed, and returned them to my pocket. I was jubilant. There could be no doubt, now, that I was dealing with the proper person. . . . For, by identifying and giving the exact location of those two blanket pins, this man established positively one glaring *fact:* He, in person, had been present in the Lindbergh nursery on the night of the kidnaping!"

On a *phonograph record* for the Federal Department of Justice by Doctor Condon, recording his version of the meeting with the kidnaper near Woodlawn Cemetery, the Doctor, although he now attaches such importance to the safety pins, *does not even mention them.*

In his statement to Inspector Walsh on May 13, 1932, giving, supposedly, an accurate account of his activities (the body of the baby had been found the day before), Doctor Condon *makes no reference to safety pins.*

In a report, Meeting the Kidnaper at Woodlawn Cemetery, written by Doctor Condon in longhand, *he does not even mention safety pins.*

HE did not mention safety pins in a statement given to the New Jersey State Police at Alpine, New Jersey, on June 2, 1932. Neither did he in the statement given to Assistant District Attorney Breslin on May 14, 1932, or in subsequent statements given to Detective Leon and Agents Manning, Sisk, Sandberg, and Seykora of the Department of Justice.

Yet on May 20, 1932, *before the Bronx Grand Jury,* Jafsie, under oath, said: "I am here to tell the truth. I spoke to Colonel Lindbergh and asked him if I might take the two safety pins for this reason; the crib was long and wide enough to pin the over blanket of the child with large safety pins to the under sheets. . . . A child kicks a great deal and those two safety pins were placed up there. Would you like to see one? I have it here. I kept it with me. That is part of the oath. I know how bizarre it is. I don't mind it. I had an object in view. I put it in there if I haven't lost it. You will pardon me. I was in such earnest that I determined to have at least something. *I didn't show that to the kidnapers,* as stated. I mentioned it many places to attract attention."

Under oath again at *Flemington,* Jafsie told an entirely different story from any he had told before. The record:

MR. REILLY (referring to Woodlawn Cemetery): Now, then, what else was said there?

DR. CONDON: In order to find out whether he ["John"] was the proper party or not, I said, "How am I to know that I am talking to the right man? Tell me." I trust if this hurts anybody's feelings—

MR. REILLY: No. What did he say?

DR. CONDON: I trust that I may be excused. "The baby was held in the crib by safety pins."

MR. REILLY: Who said that: John?

DR. CONDON: John.

MR. REILLY: Yes, sir. And what—did you have the pins with you?

DR. CONDON: I had the pins with me because I took them out of the baby's crib on the night that I slept there.

MR. REILLY: I see.

DR. CONDON: They had been, as nearly as I could judge, to the right and left of where the baby's neck was.

MR. REILLY: Did you take them out with the consent and knowledge of Colonel Lindbergh?

DR. CONDON: I took them out first and asked him afterwards—what they call French leave.

So much for the safety pins—putting Doctor Condon in the position of giving a mass of weird, contradictory statements! How about the height of the fence over which "John" jumped at Woodlawn Cemetery, as estimated by Jafsie, who prided himself on his ability to judge weights, distances, ages, etc.? He told Assistant

District Attorney Breslin that "John," at the approach of the cemetery guard, "caught hold of the cemetery gate, which was about twelve or fifteen feet high, and got over it in two seconds and alighted on the ground. He . . . started to run. He got about twenty yards away and I said, 'Don't run away, you are my guest.'"

On the stand at Flemington, the amazing Doctor Condon said the fence climbed by "John" was less than nine feet high, but "John" climbed it in "Turner fashion." (Jafsie had never mentioned the "Turner" business before, but it may have helped to convince the jury that the climber was Hauptmann, who might have been a German Turnverein athlete.) At Flemington Condon testified that what he called to "John" was: "Hey, come back here. Don't be cowardly. Here I am a poor schoolteacher and you leaving me here to be drilled."

The cemetery guard who frightened "John," as testified by Condon, was a man "named Riehl."

Now (in the event that you are one of those busybodies who dare to question the administration of justice in New Jersey) you might ask why Riehl, who would, it seems, be an important witness, was not placed on the stand at Flemington. So let's go to the New Jersey State Police records, where we find a signed statement by Robert Riehl, guard at Woodlawn Cemetery, given to Sergeant Zapolsky on July 19, 1932. Riehl, then fifty-four years of age, recalled very well, it seems, the happenings at the Van Cortlandt gate on the night of March 12. He says:

"I observed a man sitting on top of the stone column of the gate, talking to the other fellow who was outside of the gate. The man sitting on the column seen me. I was then about seventy-five feet away from him. He hollered to the other man who was on the outside of the gate, 'There's the cop coming.' The other man did not answer at all. The fellow on top of the column then jumped down and I thought he had broke his leg. When he got up he ran across 233d Street into the park and disappeared. I went near the gate and questioned the other man who was outside as to what the young fellow was doing on the top of the column, and his reply was, 'I don't know, I have no idea, and if you wait a minute I'll go over and ask him.'"

FINGERPRINT EVERYBODY!

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Some years ago my old friend Rupert Hughes wrote an article for Liberty called Fingerprint Everybody! As a result, he received thousands of letters from peace officers and district attorneys commending his suggestion.

Since then, the movement has grown in spite of a sometimes violent antagonism on the part of many citizens. The objectors seem to feel that they are degraded if their fingerprints are on file with the authorities. This is, of course, nothing more than a superstition. The great value of such universal fingerprinting is for the purpose of identification. As Rupert Hughes said, we should fingerprint everybody. The honest citizens have nothing to fear.

There are countless uses for a system of universal registration and fingerprinting, such as the identification of unidentified dead, lost children, people who fall suddenly ill in strange places. We require registration of births, of marriages, of deaths—why not fingerprints?

And why not write your congressmen, your state senators, your governors, and tell them that you believe in universal fingerprint registration?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

When asked by Zapolsky to describe the man, Riehl replied, "I could not describe his face or give you the color of his hair, as it was too dark to see it, but to the best of my judgment he was about five feet six or seven inches in height; weight about 130 or 135 pounds, and from his action while running I would judge him to be about twenty-three or twenty-four years old; dressed with dark pants, white shirt, no coat on, and wearing a cap. When this man hollered I did not notice foreign accent in speech."

Riehl, unfortunately, was not as keen as Condon. He could not distinguish a middleweight from a heavyweight, or see a tear in a man's eye on a dark night, or the color of hair through a cap or hat pulled down, so he would not have made a good witness for the state. He would have been a bad witness if he had testified, in line with his signed statement, that the man outside the gate did not resemble Doctor Condon, and was apparently between fifty and fifty-five, and about five feet six inches in height, and had no mustache. Had Riehl testified, and had his conscience not have permitted him, as in the case of so many others, to change stories between 1932 and 1935, the jury at Flemington might have been convinced that "it was two other fellows" at Woodlawn, not Hauptmann and Condon. No, Riehl's testimony just wouldn't fit.

Then there's the time consumed in that conference between Condon and "John" on the bench in Van Cortlandt Park. It was reduced from one hour and forty minutes, in earlier statements, to one hour and ten or fifteen minutes, when the good Doctor was upon the witness stand. Even an hour and ten minutes, for the conversation reported, might have taxed the credulity of a jury.

But that's not important, perhaps.

And while we are on the subject of the credulity of the jury, it might be well to consider another strain put upon it. Mrs. Ella Achenbach was placed upon the stand by the state to prove that on March 3 or 4—she wasn't quite sure—Mr. and Mrs. Hauptmann visited her home, and Hauptmann was limping so badly that he had to support himself by a rail or wall on the stoop. This, of course, was to show that Hauptmann had injured himself when the kidnap ladder broke. Yet the jury was asked to believe that less than ten days afterward Hauptmann had climbed vertical bars in two seconds and had jumped from the top of a fence nine feet high, landed on his feet like an athlete, and quickly run away.

The jury was not asked to believe, however, that Joseph Perrone, the taxi driver, had taken a passenger to City Island a few days after the Bronx County Grand Jury session, and that there, as he reported to Detective Claude Patterson of the New Jersey State Police, he had observed Doctor Condon *talking to a man who he thought was the man who gave him the note* to be delivered to the Doctor arranging the Woodlawn Cemetery meeting. Such information as this was kept carefully locked in the breasts, and in the files, of the State Police until my investigation, long after Hauptmann had been condemned to die, brought it to light.

LET'S proceed to the circumstances surrounding the delivery to Condon of the sleeping suit, which formed the basis of the payment of the $50,000 for the return of the then dead Lindbergh baby. First we will review Doctor Condon's testimony, under oath, at Flemington. My parenthetical references are to the page numbers in the official record:

Doctor Condon states (page 630) that "John" said, "I will send you the sleeping suit."

Doctor Condon states that the following Wednesday, with two letters (page 633), the sleeping suit arrived.

Doctor Condon, in answer to the question, "Who was present when you opened it?" (page 634) said, "Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge." When asked, "Anybody else?" he answered, "Those are all that I remember."

Doctor Condon (page 636) said, "I immediately upon getting that suit brought Colonel Lindbergh into my parlor and, spreading the suit on the piano, I asked him to direct me and see if I was making any mistake."

Doctor Condon (page 757), on cross-examination, said that he actually received the package containing the sleeping suit in the morning mail, at about half past ten. He said it was put on top of the mail box; that he couldn't recollect if he found it there, but "I know I got it" (page 758). He then said (page 759) that he opened it himself and "sent for Colonel Lindbergh to see if it was his son's sleeping suit."

Doctor Condon, after a recess of the court, and under direct examination by Attorney General Wilentz, said (page 814) that Colonel Breckinridge was the only one he remembered being present when the sleeping suit was opened. He then admitted that his daughter, Mrs. Hacker, was there.

Mrs. Hacker testified (page 849) that only she, her father, and Colonel Breckinridge were present when the sleeping suit arrived.

To the Bronx Grand Jury, on May 14, 1932, Doctor Condon said, "The sleeping suit was rolled up in a package and I opened it out and I sent word to Colonel Lindbergh and to Colonel Breckinridge, as I had promised." He further said that, although he received the suit in the morning, Colonel Lindbergh did not come to his home until evening, when he took supper with Condon, after which he showed him the suit and the letters. He added, "Colonel Breckinridge was there, too."

There are many other conflicting statements to add to this confusion, but I must proceed to an important statement, and I am quoting it verbatim from the stenographic record. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police, told Assistant Director Nathan of the Federal Bureau of Identification, and other police officials, on May 18, 1932: "The family . . . asked for positive identification and they sent back to Doctor Condon the sleeping suit . . . which was the same kind that the baby had worn the same night the baby had been taken away; however, this suit had one button off and it had apparently been washed and *was not accepted as conclusive.* It was accepted as being the same kind of a suit, but as being the suit, *there was nothing to positively identify it.*"

This being so, may I ask, *why in the name of common sense was Colonel Lindbergh's $50,000 paid to an extortioner or extortioners at St. Raymond's Cemetery on the night of April 2?*

It cannot be said that the authorities did not know that the money was going to be paid. Doctor Condon, before the Bronx Grand Jury, had reluctantly divulged his "secret"—that there had been a meeting of the Secret Service (as he called it), the Jersey Police, and a representative of the New York Police at the "Morrow Home around Sixty-ninth or Seventieth Streets," when plans were laid for the payment of the ransom.

Doctor Condon's rambling, inconsistent statements had set forth much to raise a doubt that "John" had ever been in the nursery. He had not described the nursery, he had not been called upon to present one iota of real evidence that the child was in his possession, and his statement that the note "had been left in the baby's *grib*" should have been the final warning that Condon was dealing with an impostor. For had not Colonel Lindbergh, Betty Gow, and every one else at the Lindbergh home on that fateful night given information that the note was left on the *windowsill* and *not* in the *crib?*

Here is a question for the authorities to answer. There were good fingerprints of the baby in existence—I have copies of them—in spite of denials of the police that satisfactory fingerprints of the baby existed. Why was not Doctor Condon directed to hand "John" a ten-cent ink pad and told to mail fingerprints as proof that the baby was in his hands or in the hands of his confederates? Even a photograph of the child, taken with a dollar camera, would have been better evidence of possession than a sleeping suit that was "the same kind as that worn by the child."

BUT Condon, on this flimsy bit of identification, was permitted to go *alone* to make the delivery of the ransom money; the police, knowing that the money was to be paid, made no effort to apprehend the kidnaper or extortioner.

There had been much to arouse the suspicions of the police as far as Doctor Condon was concerned. He had told conflicting stories about many things that I have been unable to mention in detail but which I am prepared to supply. There were a dozen different versions and descriptions of the second taxi driver—the one who delivered the note on the night of the ransom payment.

There had been the "coincidence" of the appearance of Condon's Bronx Home News letter offering himself as a go-between on the same day that the third ransom note, addressed to Breckinridge, had rejected Spitale and Bitz as go-betweens; there had been wide discrepancies in the phone calls reported by Condon from the kidnapers.

On March 19, 1932, according to his story Jafsie Tells All, Doctor Condon was approached at a bazaar at 194 East 200th Street, where he was selling old violins, by "a short middle-aged woman with the oval face and olive skin of an Italian." This woman stepped close to the Doctor and whispered, "Nothing can be done until the excitement is over. There is too much publicity. Meet me at the depot at Tuckahoe Wednesday at five in the afternoon. I will have a message for you!" The Doctor says that he went to Tuckahoe, driven by one of his daughters-in-law, but "the woman never appeared."

With variations, he told this story to a number of different police officials; *but*—to the Bronx Grand Jury, on May 20, he made this sweeping denial:

QUESTION: Now, Doctor, it has been mentioned in the public press at one time during your negotiations with the alleged kidnapers that you visited Tuckahoe to get a supposed communication or make an appointment with some unknown woman. Are those reports correct?

ANSWER: They are absolutely false. I saw no one at Tuckahoe, except my relatives. I never went to Tuckahoe to see anybody about anything.

THERE are a dozen different stories, too, about seeing "John" long after the ransom payment, when Condon was riding in a bus. He saw the man to whom he had paid the ransom at the corner of Williamsbridge Road and Pelham Parkway. This, he testified, was in August, 1934, nearly three months "before I saw him in the New York police station." But I have in my possession a photostatic copy of a statement given to Corporal William Horn, dated *July 12, 1933,* in which Doctor Condon says that he saw "John" from a Throggs Neck bus on White Plains Avenue.

In this statement he says he got off the bus at the next corner, but "lost sight of the man." At Flemington, asked, "Did you call to the chauffeur, 'Get that man'?" Dr. Condon replied, "No. It was none of my business." And this from the man who had repeatedly asserted that he had told "John" he would "follow him to Australia" if "John" had "double-crossed" him!

Most people do not know, as shown in the records, that Condon told stories of needle salesmen and scissors-grinders suspected of being members of the kidnap gang. They do not know that on one occasion he told that "John" had "fair and regular gold teeth." They do not know of the conflicting stories told by the Doctor about the mysterious woman driven to his Decatur Avenue home, during the period of the negotiations, by taxi driver Maurice Silken. They cannot be expected to know, because these have not been made public, the conflicting stories of the payment of the ransom money at St. Raymond's Cemetery.

They do not know of Condon's mysterious doings at his summer camp in Becket, Massachusetts, which even drew the attention of the Department of Justice.

The police have every reason to smart, as do the prosecuting authorities, over several "let-downs" that the good Jafsie has given them. Among them are his refusal to believe that Hauptmann wrote his telephone number on the board in the closet, his insistence that more than one person was involved in the crime, and his criticism of the police line-up method of identification. In Jafsie Tells All he declares that Hauptmann was lined up with "twelve or more broad-shouldered, florid-faced, bull-necked chaps who could not by any stretch of the imagination have been confused with the man I had described, over and over, as 'John.'"

To show that the police were not without suspicion of Jafsie, may I quote from Lindbergh case memoranda in the official files of the New Jersey State Police these phrases: "He maintains junk shop." "Has private room in house—lots of vanity." "Makes own ink—has great imagination," "loves publicity," "travels all the time with Al Reich," "got upset in boat on presumed investigation." "Does he handle tools?—what size shoe does he wear?" "Where was Al Reich on night of March 1?" "Why did Condon wait to see if Col. L. was nervous Apr. 2?" "Does he read detective stories?" "Get his fingerprints if possible." "How did he act when body found? Lamb phoned him—what did he say, and how?" "He had blanket pins—get details." "What is financial status?" "He changes subject—avoids direct answers." "Goes into long digressions off the point discussed." "Get a hypnotist to hypnotize him—can't harm him." "Have him psychoanalyzed." "He loves show—parades—speeches, etc." "Chase up police rumors about him." "Condon promised to keep faith with kidnapers." "Dick Oliver says no cab came to Dr.'s on Apr. 2." "Try out lie detector on Doctor—use party plan."

There were hundreds of such notations in Colonel Schwarzkopf's files. But Jafsie was painted, at the trial, as a patriot and public benefactor.

IN spite of the good Doctor's refusal to participate in the reward (the declination came through second and third parties) the evidence is clear that he attempted to commercialize on his participation in the Lindbergh case. He advertised himself under the management of Lester Lockwood as available for appearances in vaudeville or motion-picture theaters. He exhibited himself in store windows with replicas of the kidnap ladder, Hauptmann's tools, and other real or fancied exhibits of "evidence."

He told, at Lynn, Massachusetts, a fantastic story of having been offered $250,000 to change his testimony and throw the blame for the Lindbergh crime on Isidor Fisch. He told (and I have affidavits to support these statements) a story of protecting the name of a woman in the case. "Supposing," he said to Arthur Sullivan, a reporter for the News, of New York, "there were a family in which most of the members were bad but one of them was very good, and suppose the good one came to you and went down on her knees, asking your protection. Wouldn't you do everything to shield her name?" The Doctor, Sullivan adds, said that he would "carry her name a secret until I die."

Condon, long after Hauptmann was arrested and after he is supposed to have identified him, was at the Raisford Prison Camp, in Florida, interviewing Samuel Garelick, a Bayonne youth imprisoned for kidnaping, and still making an apparent effort to find the "John" to whom he paid Colonel Lindbergh's money.

Rambling, inconsistent, volatile, garrulous Jafsie—from material in hand, I could write volumes about him. But I must go on—to other phases of my story.

His age, it may be pleaded, offers an excuse for his digressions from the path of accuracy and consistency. But the point, as I see it, is that, largely upon his incoherent testimony, *a human life was taken* and a case that was a wanton challenge to society has been marked, in police records, as *"closed."*

Just how did the state "check up on" all the possible jurors before Hauptmann's trial? Was it actually a fair trial—by the standards of American justice? Former Governor Hoffman will answer these questions, and will include information never before given to the public, in next week's installment of this series.

...wish I had two mouths for smokin' Velvet

I'd smoke a pipe and a cigarette both

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Daringly a physician's true confession gives you the grim story of some tragic mistakes

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Doctors DON'T Tell

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

The quoted name used by the author of this series is obviously fictitious, and all names and places that he mentions are changed beyond the possibility of identification. Nevertheless, he is a real physician stating the facts of a real career. As he says, he is still proud of his profession, still convinced—as is Liberty—that honest, competent, conscientious doctors, a good many of whom figure in his story, are rare exceptions almost nowhere. But after years of wondering why less admirable doctors were not a great deal rarer than he found them, he has concluded that his own experiences, frankly set forth, should throw a salutary light upon the reasons, hastening the day when the entire profession will measure up to his long-lost illusions concerning it.

Last week Dr. "Raymond" told of his interneship in a big-city hospital. An emergency operation, performed upon a little girl mangled by an automobile, won him the respect of his new associates. The saving effect of a dose of morphine, given in mercy to a youth supposedly dying of pneumonia, taught him a valuable lesson; his discovery of a "rotten diagnosis" by a careless doctor, which would have cost the patient's life, taught him another.

PART SIX—LIVES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED

WE had a fair-sized flu epidemic that first winter. At one time I had on my service sixty-eight cases of severe influenza and pneumonia, and I certainly learned something not only about these diseases but about how little common sense some physicians show in treating them. No two of the local doctors took care of flu cases the same way. It just seemed as if some of them picked on any one remedy, without rhyme or reason; while others gave too many kinds of medication.

In two weeks I checked out eighteen deaths for visiting physicians, and—judging from the high percentage of successes in our own cases—I believe at least sixteen of these men and women could have been saved.

One doctor lost three in one week. All he gave them was chloral hydrate ("knockout drops") in fairly large doses. Why, I was never able to figure out.

Another gave whisky, aspirin, steam inhalations, digitalis, mustard plasters, cathartics, cough and expectorant remedies, pilocarpine, drops in the nose and throat. The patients couldn't rest. His cases died, too.

But the star method was that adopted by pompous old Dr. Pennypacker, Medical Chief of Staff, who had just returned from London, where he had received a physician's fellowship in the Royal College.

His patient, a girl of nineteen, had a spot of consolidation in her left lung—fever 102.6; pulse fast, 105; respiration 29. I looked for medication orders on her chart. All I could find was:

"Dr. Pennypacker called. Orders: Plenty of H_2O. Keep warm."

Thinking something was amiss, I called the ward nurse. She assured me that Dr. Pennypacker had said merely to give her plenty of water and keep her warm.

Next day, Irene was much worse. Temperature 104; delirious; pulse 120, but fairly firm; respiration 35. I looked her over. The lower lobe was filling rapidly and her pericardium was also filling up.

I looked at the chart again:

Dr. Breeze whispered to me next day that the old fraud had been asked to resign.

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

"Dr. Pennypacker called. No further medication orders."

During the second night a rap came at my door. I had just turned in and fallen asleep—2 A. M. It was the night superintendent.

"Sorry to disturb you, Dr. Raymond, but I hate to call Dr. Pennypacker. You know he makes such a fuss if we call him at night."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Irene's temperature is 104.6; pulse 122 but fair, and her respirations are up to 47. Dr. Raymond, she is panting just like George Ball did, and there are still no medication orders for her!"

I dressed hurriedly and went upstairs. One look at Irene was enough. I shall never forget her panting for breath—for air—fifty-eight respirations per minute, just like an overheated animal; and as she panted, her subconscious mind protested, causing her to emit creepy, low, penetrating wails and moans.

Temperature 105! How she lived at all was a mystery, but she did, and perhaps could still be helped.

Inwardly cursing, I went to the phone. After a long wait, I got the old man out of bed, told him who was calling, and reported clearly Irene's condition.

"What shall I order for the girl?" I asked.

"Well, doctor," he drawled condescendingly, with his acquired London accent, "I wouldn't get too alarmed over her condition. Her high fever may aid in killing off the infection. You young fellows get too excited in trying moments!"

"Dr. Pennypacker, I am not excited, and I hope not a fool. But this girl needs something besides H_2O. In my opinion, she needs morphine to quiet her nerves and reduce her respiration. Otherwise she'll die of exhaustion, and before morning."

"Well, doctor," he purred, "you may be right, but I make it a rule never to give a minor any morphine. She'll be all right. Good night, doctor, good night."

HE had hung up. Speechless, I stared at the phone. It was unbelievable. It was murder. Then I made a resolve. I sent for the superintendent of nurses.

She was moved, as well as puzzled and amazed, at Irene's condition. I held up the chart, and pointed at the medication orders, temperature, and respiration. Slowly she went through the chart.

"I just called Dr. Pennypacker on the phone," I stated in a low voice so the nurses wouldn't hear. "He wouldn't let me order anything for her."

"Let us go down to the chart room," she suggested, after studying the sick girl for several minutes.

Once out of earshot, she demanded that I give her the whole history of the case.

"What do you suggest?" she asked, when I finished.

"I suggest you get Dr. Pennypacker to confirm that he will not order anything other than water. If he resists your efforts for better treatment for Irene, you can then take him off the case. You cannot let this girl suffer without some semblance of medication."

While I was talking, she picked up the phone and called Dr. Pennypacker's number. I couldn't hear what he said; but she soon broke in with:

"Dr. Pennypacker, I do not wish to encroach on your prerogatives. I must insist, however, that something more helpful than water be given this patient. If you do not see fit to change your mode of treatment, I shall call some one else in to assist."

Pennypacker's answer, I judged, wasn't pleasant, for she flushed deeply. Eventually she hung up the receiver and sighed. She stood some moments in deep study.

"Dr. Raymond, I want you to do what you think is proper for Irene," she stated. "I'll take the responsibility until morning. Whatever you give the child, you have my word it will not appear on the chart. In the morning we will thrash this out with Dr. Pennypacker once and for all. And hurry, doctor. I'm afraid we have already waited too long."

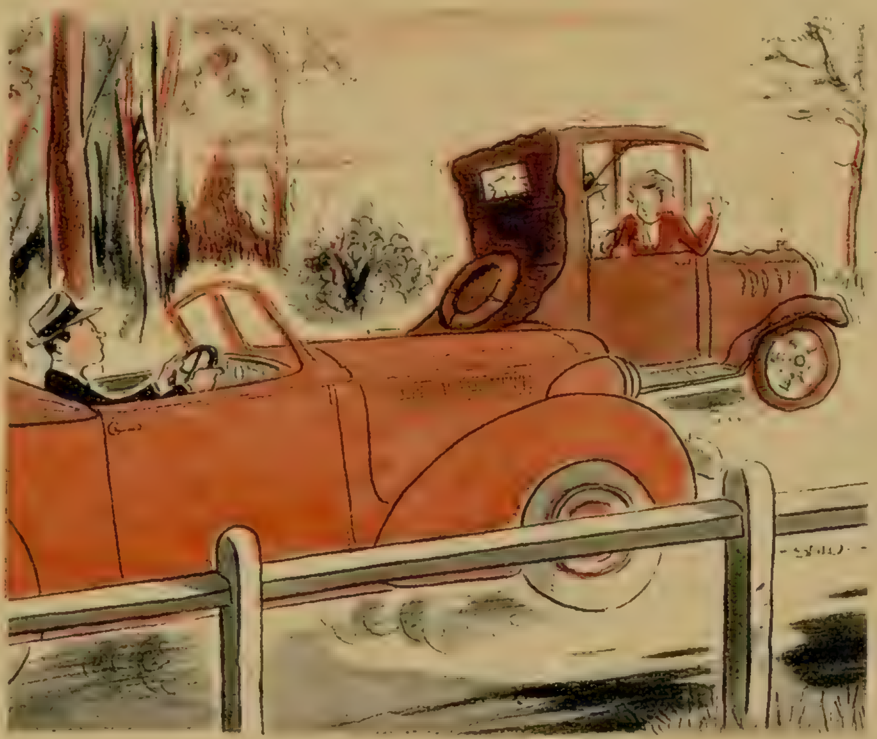
Large tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

I ordered a 1/6 M. S. to kill the pain and high respiration, a hypo of digitalis for the heart, and an oxygen tent. At 4 A. M. I crawled back to bed. The girl had picked up a little under the treatment. But I knew in my heart that we had waited too long.

At breakfast, a nurse informed me that I was wanted in Woman's Ward 4 at once. Hastening up, I saw a group of doctors and nurses around Irene's bed. The oxygen tent had been removed, presumably on Pennypacker's orders. Irene's temperature was climbing, 105.2; respirations up again—about 50; pulse gone clean to pieces. Pennypacker was talking glibly:

"The method of treatment that I have evoked is used abroad in London, Paris, and Berlin"—this, of course, was pure fable—"with good results, and I have no intention of changing it."

There was some discussion among the other doctors.



"Well," said Pennypacker at last, when he saw that he was outnumbered, "let your internes treat this girl as they see fit. I retire from the case. I have a reputation to maintain."

"I would maintain my reputation if I were you, Dr. Pennypacker," replied the superintendent meaningly, "but not as you suggest. It is my decision that you are to remain on the case, and we will have Dr. Raymond, our house physician, work with you—although I feel now that this little girl, through your neglect, is too far along the road for much help."

Old Pennypacker was plainly frightened. "To please you," he replied in the most ingratiating tones he could manage, "I will stay on the case." Then, turning to me: "What do you suggest we do?"

"Tap her pericardium to relieve the fluid pressure on her heart, and give oxygen, digitalis, and morphia."

Drs. Breeze and Sullivan nodded approval.

"Suits me," agreed Pennypacker, and, turning on his heel, disappeared down the hall.

"Well, Raymond," Breeze said, putting a hand on my shoulder, "it's a bad mess to wish on anybody. Good luck to you, but I'm afraid it's too late."

Sullivan grimly nodded agreement. They were, of course, right. Those first hours, when all Irene received was water, were too much of a handicap—just too much for any one to survive. She died two days later, after suffering so unnecessary, so cruel.

As to Pennypacker, Dr. Breeze whispered to me the next day that the old fraud had been asked to resign from the hospital staff. But, even so, he might use the water treatment on some one else.

How are we going to stop that sort of thing?

None of my sixty-eight flu cases died, thank God, but some of the squeaks were mighty close. No one knew then—or knows now—what kind of germ really causes influenza. All the conscientious doctor can do is to watch his patient's condition from day to day and hour to hour, and prescribe what seems most likely to relieve exhaustion and build resistance.

The hospital had hardly gotten back into its normal swing when a young man, Harry Dale by name, was admitted to the medical section for observation and diagnosis. He was the patient of a Dr. Vinson, with whom I had never worked. His practice, a very lucrative one, was chiefly among the wealthiest class, and his patients usually went to his own private sanatorium and hospital.

Examination on admission revealed that young Dale had a chest cold, severe headache, a slight sore throat, some temperature, pulse somewhat above normal, blood chemistry odd, no anemia, white corpuscles low, no over-normal sugar, urea, or creatinine.

Next day nothing much developed with the patient. His chest condition was about the same; his temperature a shade higher, as was his pulse. Another blood count and smear also showed a low white-cell content.

Being a rich man's son, young Dale had quite a fuss made over him. Dr. Vinson called frequently. He also had my old friend Bloor, who had killed the man at King's by taking out his one remaining kidney, and an internist named Meyer in to look Dale over.

Meyer thought Dale had a straight bronchopneumonia. How he arrived at that with a low white-cell count, I do not know; for in pneumonia the white count is up—20,000 to 30,000, sometimes higher. Bloor said appendicitis, streptococcus type, in which you do often get low white-cell counts. Vinson was inclined to agree with Bloor. In the offing I smelled a $5,000 operation.

That night, after visiting hours, I slipped upstairs and examined Harry Dale from head to foot.

Then I went down to my room, put all the symptoms down on paper, got out my Osler and Da Costa and read again the pages on pneumonia, appendicitis, gallstones, typhoid, and low-grade streptococcus infections. Then I got out my microscope and counted the white corpuscles in the smear. I also counted out the red and white corpuscles in a counting chamber.

When I finished, there was only one thing I could be absolutely sure of: the patient had a leucopenia, which means less than the normal amount of white cells in the blood. That was my cue. What diseases cause a leucopenia? Why, of course, chlorosis, malaria, certain streptococcus infections, and typhoid. I checked over the patient's other symptoms as shown in the chart. There could be no doubt about it: young Dale had typhoid, which begins with a cough and slight bronchopneumonia and headache; then, a bit later, in some cases, tenderness in liver, spleen, and region of appendix. Dale had or had had all of these.

I had taken a blood culture, and in two days we would know for sure if it was typhoid. If I could only stall off that high-fee appendectomy that long, I might save the boy from an operation which would, in his condition, mean almost certain death.

I went to bed feeling I had really done something. In the morning I resolved to take Dr. Vinson in on my findings. But fate was against me. He didn't come to the hospital in the morning. At eleven o'clock I was called to the Maternity Hospital to help with a Caesarean section. Before going over, I left word at the desk to have him phone me at Maternity when he came in.

Vinson phoned at noon. I told him I could not come over to explain, but I thought Mr. Dale had typhoid.

"I am afraid you're wrong, doctor," he said smoothly. "I have just come from Dale's room with Dr. Bloor. Dale is doubled up with pain in the abdomen—belly getting stiff like a board. It's appendicitis, all right, and we are operating at once. If you get through over there, I would like you to give us a hand!"

He put the most ingratiating emphasis on the invitation. Then, without waiting for a reply, he hung up.

My duty was plain. Much as I wanted to save Harry Dale, to leave the Caesarean now might mean the loss of one life, perhaps two. My hands were tied.

I finished at Maternity at one thirty. When I returned to the Main Section, they were just bringing Dale down from the operating room. Dr. Vinson seemed worried and puzzled. Dr. Bloor, who had performed the actual operation, was not around. Russ Page was looking after Dale, who was still under the anesthesia.

"Just what do you think, Dr. Vinson," Russ was saying, "caused the intestines to have that peculiar red appearance? Seemed like the glands were inflamed, and if they were, why wasn't the appendix inflamed?"

"Perhaps the patient had typhoid," I said quietly.

Vinson growled and hurried out of the room.

After Dale came out of the ether, he had some bad gas pains. His temperature was up, as was his pulse. He was also so restless at times that I thought he'd burst the stitches in his wound.

Next morning he was worse. Thursday he was worse still. Dr. Vinson had in Drs. Bloor and Meyer for a consultation. Russ and I slipped in to listen. The substance of the consultation was that the patient was going bad fast, so what to do? Strangely, no one mentioned what they thought of the diagnosis!

Finally, it was decided to give intravenous glucose, plenty of it, straight 50 per cent. This would be my job. Nothing was decided as to what to give the patient to keep him quiet. This, to me, was most important, as the special nurses were having a dickens of a time trying to keep Dale in bed.

WHEN the consultation ended, I went down to the pharmacy to get a supply of glucose ampoules, ordered an intravenous tray, and was about to go back upstairs when the third-floor supervisor rushed into the pharmacy:

"Dr. Raymond! Quick! Mr. Dale is raving. He's trying to get out of bed. He's burst open his wound!"

We dashed up the stairs. Dale had his nurse by the wrists. From under his abdominal bandage protruded a foot or so of small intestine.

"Get Dr. Page," I told the supervisor, "and then call Dr. Vinson. Better call Dr. Wurms, too."

I got the patient by the hands, released the nurse, and slowly forced him back and down into his bed.

"Give him some morphia," I bade the nurse. "I'll hold him here until you give it to him."

Even though weak and delirious, he had strength. By the time he got the hypo of M. S., I was perspiring freely. About this time Russ Page ran in, and I had him hold Dale's hands. Free to work, I made a restrainer from two towels, and got it around the poor boy's ankles.

"Go up to surgery," I said to the special nurse, "explain just what happened, and have them get a tray ready—hemostats, sutures, ether, ties, and bandages—and hurry back with it."

To Russ I said, "We must shove that bowel back in!"

"O. K.," he agreed. "And, nurse, better get a tray of sterile sponges for Dr. Raymond, and bring a couple

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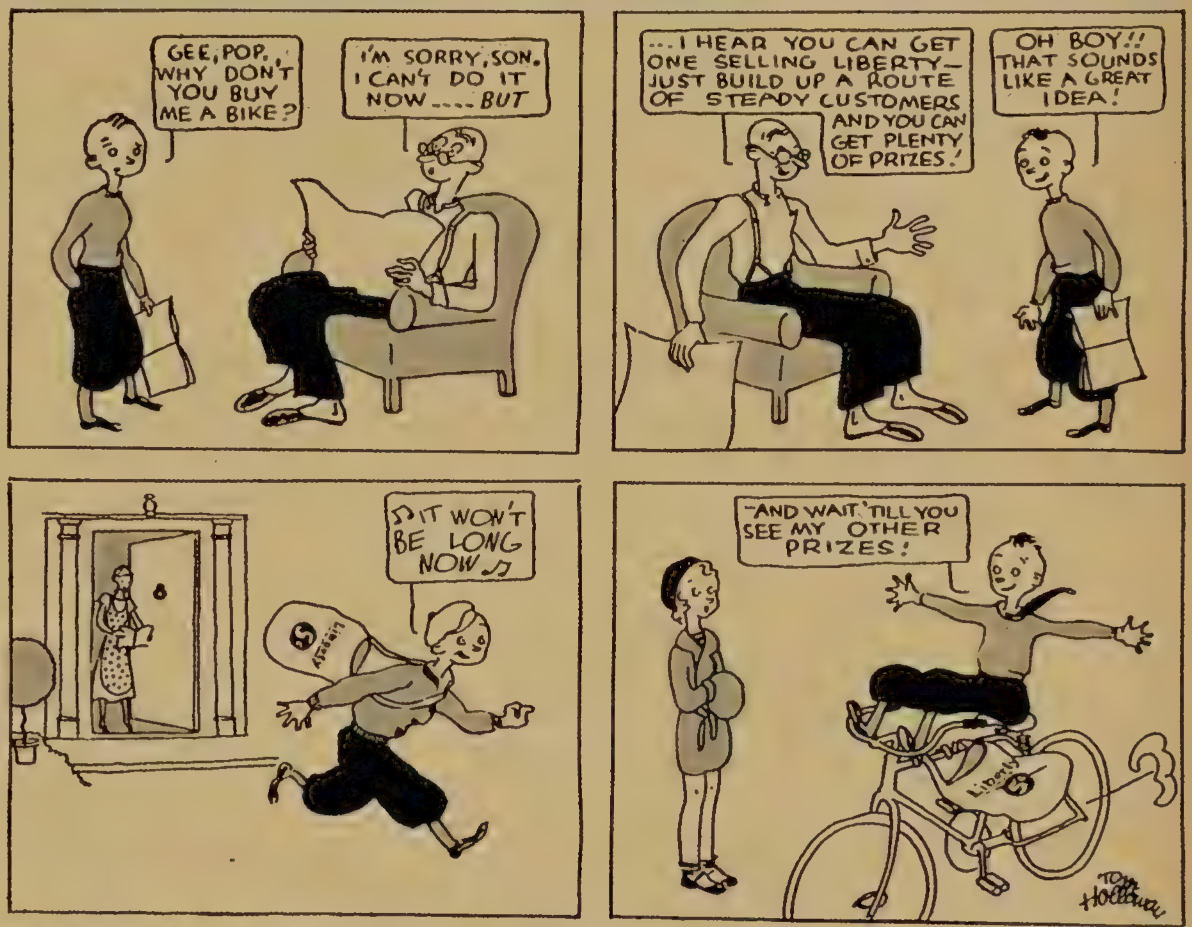

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of girls back with you to hold this guy."

"Bring some alcohol and packs, too!" I added.

We waited. It seemed an hour. The supervisor returned first; she brought two student nurses and a tray loaded with everything she thought we might need.

"Each one of you girls take an arm," commanded Russ.

"Let's get his knees down and put a sheet around them so we can work," I suggested.

Well, we got the intestine back in. Then we put on a new and tight bandage. And just as we finished, in came Dr. Vinson and, thank God, good old Doc Wurms, who exclaimed, "Bad! Got any stuff ready to sew up?"

We said we had.

The old man turned to Vinson, who was standing with his mouth flopping open.

"Am I in charge?" he said gruffly.

"Of course, of course," stammered Vinson.

"O. K. Russ, give him some ether; Raymond and I will sew the wound up again."

We resewed and reinforced it and put on new bandages. All had been done that could be done; but even Vinson knew it wouldn't be enough.

"Well," he said at last, after every one had carefully avoided looking at him, "I guess I'd better prepare the family."

Dale died at six that evening. My blood culture next day showed a pure strain of typhoid bacilli.

Our lips were sealed—medical ethics, you know!—but the patient's father was as suspicious as a hawk that they didn't have his son's illness diagnosed correctly. He threatened to sue Dr. Vinson and Dr. Bloor, but was talked out of it. If he had, and had subpoenaed the hospital records, these two alleged doctors would have been relieved of some real chunks of cash.

I WENT down to the movies the following night for an hour or two of much needed relaxation, and had just gotten nicely seated when my name was flashed on the screen as being wanted on the telephone. It was the hospital. A terrible train wreck had occurred about five miles from the city line, and they were expecting some of the injured to arrive at any moment.

I grabbed a taxi. As we drove up to the receiving entrance, an ambulance and police patrol were unloading four injured persons. From 7.45 that night until 5 A. M. they were bringing in people from the wreck—most of them not only bruised and fractured but scalded.

Among our patients were the engineer, the conductor, a Methodist bishop, two other ministers, a little girl of eight, several business men, two women schoolteachers, two Pullman porters, a baggageman, and a newspaper reporter. Of the lot, the engineer and the bishop were the worst injured. The former's left leg was so badly crushed it was hopeless. One of the bishop's arms had five fractures; the other, two.

Starting at midnight, and working with Dr. Newmann, a really crackajack surgeon who happened to come into the hospital at just the right time, we did the engineer first: amputated his leg; repaired some bad cuts in his other leg; dug out a tablespoonful of cinders from a cut in his neck and another from a cut beneath his eye; set a fractured finger; and put him back into his bed at 2 A. M.

Then we took the bishop, and spent two hours getting the seven fractures on his arms lined up.

Just as we breathed a sigh of relief after finishing with him, we received word to stand by. They were rushing a woman upstairs who had been brought in from the country. The report was she had had a partial miscarriage, and was slowly hemorrhaging to death.

The surgical nurses, almost at the point of collapse from overwork, did a lightning change of linen and instruments. Dr. Newmann and I went down the hall to meet the elevator. One look at the patient was enough for us.

"Start giving her ether," said Newmann. "I'll get scrubbed."

When he entered the operating room, he called for a uterine forceps, made one dexterous and skillful manipulation, and got the fragment of placenta that was causing the bleeding.

We got the woman into a room. Although the bleeding had stopped, we didn't take any chances. We bound her up. Then Dr. Newmann and I started downstairs—he to go home, and I to try and steal a few hours of sleep. At the bottom we met Dr. Wurms.

"You are just the fellows I want!" he said.

"What's up?" asked Newmann.

"That boy with the compression fracture of the skull in 309," he replied, addressing me.

"Oh, yes."

"He's going bad. I must raise that fractured piece of skull away from the brain, or he'll go out. I've got to have an anesthetist and an assistant."

Newmann and I looked at each other with a sickly smile. We had been up all day and all night. We could hardly keep our eyes open.

"This," said Newmann, with a sardonic grin, "is what you get for being a doctor."

"Sure!" I was happier than I had been for weeks. "Ain't it grand!"

Thus far Dr. "Raymond's" revealing story has kept to large cities. What of small-town medical practice? How does that average up? Dr. "Raymond" knows; he has done his share of it. Next week he will give you absorbing examples of the inspirations and the heartbreaks to be found behind those medical scenes.

TODAY'S GREATEST PRIZEFIGHTER

He's *not* the heavyweight champ, says a famous wielder of fist and pen—A vivid close-up of a human torpedo

BY JIM TULLY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

Featherweight champ Henry Armstrong. Gentle, but "a terror if imposed upon."

JACK JOHNSON has called him the greatest fighter in the past thirty years. For once, the conqueror of Jeffries is too conservative. Far greater than Jack Johnson or Joe Louis, he will take rank with the few great bruisers of all time. Unable to find comparisons, sports writers have erroneously termed him the black McGovern. As terrible and devastating a puncher, he is Terry McGovern's superior in that in the wildest flurry of leather he is cool and calculating. McGovern smashed blindly, with maniac force. A taunt, a ribald gesture would make him go loco. Did not Young Corbett tell him he couldn't lick a postage stamp, and make scathing remarks about his sister, and then batter the infuriated Irishman to the floor? With Henry Armstrong he may as well have talked in a planet language. "When the gong sounds I just start fighting."

He really doesn't start. He catapults with a relentless fusillade of gloves. Wave upon wave of leather in a very Atlantic of punches, they surge from all directions. When it seems they can mount no higher, they roll in with greater fury.

Like Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, Armstrong is part Cherokee Indian. One of fourteen children, he was born "the baby of the family" in St. Louis, and is a high-school graduate.

There is about him a childlike gentleness. The springy step of one with boundless energy, he is so urbane and polite that a clubwoman might slap him. But, once in the ring, the dark torpedo is on the way.

His shoulders are wide as Gene Tunney's, his waist slender as a young girl's. He has a large head and sad eyes. His jaws are sharp and strong. He is intelligent and understanding.

The tale of Henry Armstrong could not be told without his brother Harry. One has to go to life for such a yarn.

Harry is Henry's trainer. He went to college for a year, where he won an amateur boxing championship and decided to be a pugilist. He wanted to become a writer.

Being a paid bruiser might eventually give him the leisure to write. He was "another palooka" for several years. "I knew how everything was done in the ring—but I couldn't do it." After a particularly bad beating he decided he could never become a writer if he became punch-drunk.

Harry Armstrong.

One day, "just for pastime," he "put on the gloves" with Henry. His young bronze brother slid in and out of his range until an idea came. Why not train Henry to be a fighter? Then he could still write!

For a year he trained Henry at the Pine Street Y. M. C. A. As mixed matches were not allowed in Missouri, Harry decided to take Henry to Pittsburgh. They drove to that city in an old car, and got a couple of fights but no money, and rattled back to St. Louis before the car collapsed.

Henry wanted to go to college and study medicine. Fidel La Barba, a ring champion, was going to Stanford. He might do the same. With that object in view, Harry persuaded Henry to hobo with him to California. As a palooka fighter, Harry knew something of the road. Henry didn't, and cared less.

"We did a little panhandling," he said. "We were always willing to work for food or money if we could get it."

The dark young adventurers who were later to go down the golden road to far places reached Los Angeles hungry and tired after two weeks of tramping. For several days they lived on fruit "that I stole from a stand," Harry admits.

A man named Thomas Cox finally got Henry fights in small amateur clubs. Henry hurt his shoulder in the third fight. Mr. Cox suggested that Harry return to the ring. *Harry did.*

Still fearful of going slug-nutty, and realizing that he could never be a great fighter, the indomitable lad with a dream in his head went to the terrible leather wars sixty-two slashing times in the next year or more.

"I had to have money to take care of Henry."

He next tried Henry for the Olympics, and lost. "It looked like the end," said Harry. "If we'd made the team we might have attracted the attention of some one like Jack Kearns." Jack Kearns was at that time looking for a lad to take the place of the immortal Dempsey. The apple of fate was not ripe.

It was not the end for Harry. He had a package of golden dynamite to sell. He talked it over with Mr. Cox.

That gentleman thought of another gentleman—and himself. "Wirt Ross is a big shot," he said. "He might get Henry over." Mr. Ross paid Mr. Cox $250 for Henry, who was a minor. "We had to send pop papers to St. Louis to sign, and wait till they came back."

Henry slammed his way through preliminaries until he got as high as $250 for main bouts. A few trained in the ways of the ring realized that Henry had the flash of the thoroughbred. But the best horse has not always the chance to win. Its jockey or other men may hold it back.

The Armstrongs faced a definite problem. A Negro was not considered

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a good card at the box office. The boys were aware of this. Henry wanted his chance. Rated among the three best men of his weight in the world, he still had no money.

I had gone through pugilistic storms and understood. They came to my house with Langston Hughes, the gifted Negro poet.

There was another match in the offing in Los Angeles.

"Henry," I said, "Joe Gans ruined his career by letting men stay. You owe it to yourself and the people who pay to see you to give all you've got without considering the other fighter."

Al Jolson saw the Los Angeles fight and heard the struggle the two lads had gone through. He had with him one as kindly and keen as himself.

He said to Eddie Mead, one-time manager of a champion, "I'll buy his contract if you'll manage him."

"O. K., Al," was the response.

Henry's first fight in the new set-up was against a fighter who had loaned him money. He did not want the match. His reasons were full of conflict. If he "let him stay," the fighter, who was the heaviest hitter in his division, might accidentally "sneak one over" and knock him out. He might not double-cross him on purpose. Things often happened in the ring. If he played sick, they would say he was afraid.

It was a greater problem than now seems possible, because, as Harry says, "Henry was always so darn grateful for everything."

Henry had given the other fighter his word he would let him stay. That was important to Henry. But a friend had told him: "Mr. Jolson bet two thousand that you'd win by a knockout tonight." On his way to the ring he passed his opponent's dressing room.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but do your best tonight. You were kind to me and I hope you get a draw." Henry won by a knockout in one of the most spectacular fights of the year.

The new conditions lifted Henry's heart high. Jolson had faith. Mead knew all the devious ways of the ring. All Henry had to do—was fight.

And all the world knows how!

His record the past year has never been equaled.

AS strictly a fighter he ranks with Jack Dempsey and Stanley Ketchel. He throws more punches than did Harry Greb, who could not hit hard. He moves with such dazzling speed that his cleverness is overlooked by all but the very keen.

A study of his fights would indicate that his opponents do their best work against him in the first round. No punch has ever made him take a backward step. It is hard to fight a man when it creeps into your consciousness that you can't hurt him.

His hardest fight of the year was against Pete Sarron, from whom he won the featherweight championship. Making the low weight of 125 pounds hurt him slightly, though he won after six strong rounds. It was the first time in his career that Sarron was on the canvas.

The only man to go the limit with Henry in the past year was Aldo Spoldi, to whom Armstrong "spotted ten pounds." Hopelessly beaten in every round, the great pull in weights allowed him to last the limit.

One of the great secrets of Armstrong's ability is his powerful legs. Like the chain and its weakest link, no fighter is stronger than the legs that carry him.

HE has proven in a larger sense there is no color line in the ring. Rapidly growing out of the featherweight class of 128, his next important fight will undoubtedly be with Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion. Ambers is the only fighter in the top rank conceded a chance against him. A master at defensive fighting, he cannot hit with power. The man to beat Armstrong must strike with the speed and force of lightning. Ambers' one chance lies in "staying away"—if one can from a thunderbolt.

Barney Ross, the welterweight champion, can neither think nor punch fast or hard enough to faze him. Pedro Montanez cannot stand body punishment, nor inflict enough to bother the Negro. There remains Ceferino Garcia, the Filipino welterweight. Possessing a murderous right-hand blow, he thinks slowly and cuts easily. He would be cut to ribbons as a result.

Armstrong, like all men in or out of the ring, has climbed to success over the doubts of his fellows.

Until he knocked out Billy Beauhuld, the second-best lightweight and the heaviest right-hand puncher in his class, it was said that he could not take a right-hand punch. He took plenty, and gave more. It is not likely that Beauhuld will ever be the same man again.

"I felt sorry for him," said Henry. "He was too game—and what could I do?"

He can be a terror in the ring if imposed upon. Within the past year a famous fighter insisted on "thumbing him"—the glove open, the thumb in his eye. Told about it in the clinches for fear it was a mistake, the practice was continued for two rounds. His eye throbbing as with hot pins, Armstrong ended it with a series of furious superhuman punches. His opponent sank, his jaw broken.

The lean years are behind Henry. Al Jolson and Eddie Mead have bought him an annuity for a hundred thousand dollars.

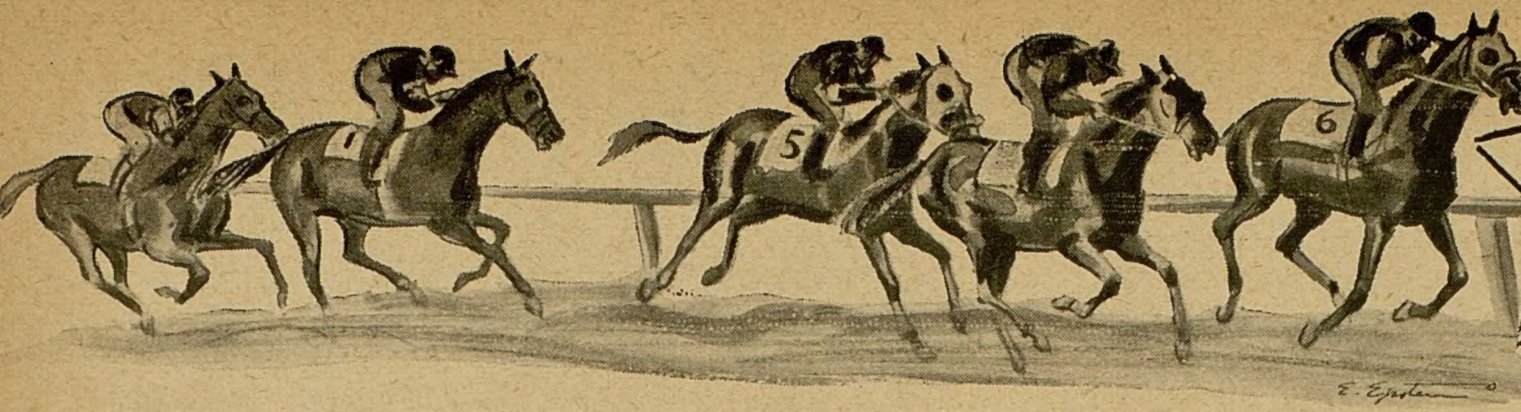
"The worst is over, Henry," I said. "You've had a lot of hunger and hardship."

"But I don't mind—now," returned Henry.

"And now you can write," I said to Harry.

"I can try," was the response.

THE END



Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

It Seems There Were Two Scotchmen...

BY HERBERT DALMAS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THE first time I noticed this kid was just before the first race, when I heard him at the two-dollar win stall asking for a ticket on a horse called Fancy Face.

Since Fancy Face at the time pays forty to one when, as, and if she comes in, it did not take the nearest yogi to dope the kid for a long-shot player.

Now, if you must have excitement of this nature, it is best to have a lot of capital and the power to relax at will. It was plain this kid did not have these attributes. In fact, by the time he had dropped his two bucks on Sez You in the third, I could see he was desperate.

The management at Santa Anita—or any place else—expects its pari-mutuel handlers to deal tickets as requested and not advice. But this kid was so big and young and helpless—and so serious about something. I caught his eye and gave him the nod. He came loping up like a large puppy for dinner.

"Listen, son," I told him. "I've been working around race tracks man and boy for thirty-five years come next Saratoga, and I've got the tip of a lifetime for you. Go on home. Now. Before it begins to hurt."

"I can't," he says. "I've got to make several hundred dollars," he said very earnest, as if the horses would come in for him if they only knew how important it was. "I just got engaged to be married and my girl's family is coming down next week and I have to have enough money to buy her a ring. My girl does not have much money, so her family will not like her to marry some one else who is hard up, although I have a good job, with a future. My girl told them I was very well off, and how will they believe this if I do not have a ring on her when they arrive?"

"Does she know you are out here trying to beat the horses with your week's pay?" I asked.

"Gee, no!" he exclaimed, looking around nervously. "She would be pretty sore if she did."

"Let me tell you something," I said. "Do you see those two gentlemen talking over there? The ones with the pine-knot faces. Reading from left to right they are Mr. Douglas MacCrimmon and Mr. Andrew MacNab. They own a horse called Braw Bobbie in the eighth race. Do you know what they are doing? They are arguing about whether to place a wager or not. They do this every day, and so far they have never lost a bet. That is because," I said, "all they do is argue. In the thirty years or so I have been watching them they have made just one bet. And that happened back in 1912 at Havre de Grace, when they put two dollars on a horse of theirs called Heatherbloom."

"Did he win?" the kid asks, his eyes shining.

"By six lengths, going away," I replied. "He paid eighty to one. In fact, I think MacCrimmon and MacNab were about the only ones at the track on him. But the moral is this: They do not back a horse unless they have a message from heaven, and they have not made a bet since 1912. If you follow them you will not go wrong."

After that the kid just watched MacCrimmon and MacNab.

Ten minutes before the eighth race, what do these two Scotchmen do but walk up to my window to buy a ticket. They had hardly turned away before the kid arrived.

"You said that was a two-dollar bet they made in 1912?" he said.

I nodded.

"And this was a five-dollar one," he said, looking at the sign over my window to make sure. "It's the chance of a lifetime," he said. "I am putting ten dollars on their horse, Braw Bobbie."

So I gave him two tickets, it taking every sou he had except four cents.

"All right," I said, "if you insist. But running horses are very sensitive and if some one is riding them too hard from the stands, it makes them nervous. You are this type and you must relax. Go stroll in the paddock and do not look at your tickets until you come up to see who won."

He was not much more than out of sight when a dame came up in a brown suit which probably cost eight ninety-five but did not keep her from looking like a million dollars.

She said, "You have a nice face. Can you tell me what horses there are to bet on? I can't afford a program if I am going to bet. Have you got any—what do you call them?—long shots?"

"Braw Bobbie at twenty to one," I said, "and Backward at fifty to one."

"I will put five dollars on Braw Bobbie," she said. "That will bring me one hundred dollars, and I'll be able to buy a nice engagement ring for that. I'll bet," she says, smiling at me, "you could never guess why I'd be wanting money to buy an engagement ring."

"I never could," I said.

Of course I did not see the race, but I understand that at the finish line Backward led the pack by two lengths.

WHEN the kid came up from the paddock and found out who won, he took out his tickets and stared at them in a heartbroken manner. Then he goggled at the tote board.

He and the girl met at the pay-off window right across from where I was. They were so punch-drunk at finding they had tickets on Backward instead of Braw Bobbie, they hardly recognized each other at first. But then they fell into a clinch.

Then the kid stopped at my window on the way out.

"I wouldn't place too much confidence in those Scotchmen," he said in a mysterious manner.

I did not tell him that MacNab and MacCrimmon had bet on Backward, since just because they own a horse in a race is no sign they are going to mix sentiment and business; and also I did not tell him, because if the management found out I was switching tickets, I do not like to think of the results.

Me? I did not have any money on Backward. Even a Scotchman might be wrong once, and suppose Backward does not come in?

THE END

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly.

TUNE IN!

The Oxford Group and Sex Problems

HUNDREDS OF LETTERS were written to us as a result of our last article on the Oxford Movement. . . . Most of them were cordial letters, praising the piece by Emily Newell Blair, and encouraging us to print more material on the same subject. . . . But other correspondents were angry. . . . They told us we had been " taken in " by an aggregation of people banded together to exploit the most sacred emotions of human beings. . . . One charge was repeated in letter after letter. . . . " Don't you know " — to quote a typical example—" how they capitalize on sex? Has no one ever told you about their so-called ' house parties' ? The open and shameless exhibition of those sex-drenched conversations is an offense to decency committed in the name of religion. They ought to hide their heads in shame, and so ought you for falling for stuff like that! " . . . Other correspondents uttered the same charge, although in more polite tones. . . . Just about the time that these letters were being received we happened to be attending a large reception in Washington. . . . IN THE PRESS of people slowly eddying and whirling around the great room, we saw a familiar face, a lovely countenance with large, forgiving eyes and a peaceful, good-humored expression . . . Emily Newell Blair! . . . We had nearly to upset two dowagers to get to Mrs. Blair and we were a little out of breath when we reached her. . . . Quickly we told her what some of our correspondents were saying about the Oxford Movement. . . . " Emily, will you answer those people in another article for Liberty? " . . . She slowly shook her head. . . . " No, I can't do that. I can't take a negative position and merely reply to mistaken ideas people may have. But I'll tell you what I can do and will do. I will write a positive article, telling the millions of Liberty readers what are the ideas of the Oxford Movement on sex and how those ideas are taught. I think it will astonish many of your readers." . . . We thanked her. . . . We were all the more delighted because a positive statement would be the best of all possible answers to our critical correspondents. . . . The new article by Mrs. Blair, How the Oxford Group Deals with Sex Problems, will appear in Liberty next week. . . . IN THE DAYS when Warren G. Harding was President of the United States and Gaston B. Means was in the Department of Justice—in those strangest years of our national history—there was an astrologer who lived on a side street of the nation's capital. . . . Weird stories were told about this woman. . . . It was said that her clients were of high position and that they believed in her astral calculations so devoutly that they asked her advice not only on their personal life but even on matters of state. . . . Marcia, who read the fortunes of mankind in the heavens, who took her ephemeris in hand and made out her charts for all sorts and conditions of people, was a woman sought after by many. . . . What was the truth about Marcia? . . . Was she really consulted by Mrs. Harding? . . . Did she exert an influence even in the council chambers of the White House? . . . Many persons tried to answer that question, but only one really knew the answer—Marcia herself. . . . And it is Marcia herself who will answer those and other questions next week in Liberty. . . . The astrologer is old now, and ill and not well off. . . . The stars did not bring her good fortune. . . . After the manner of her kind, she says that she knew from the beginning she was to have that fate. . . . You can make up your mind how much you may believe of her story. . . . She tells it simply and without the arrogance of the charlatan. . . . Liberty prints what she has to say for whatever historic value her statements deserve. . . . That she did play a part in those fantastic years of the Harding administration cannot be denied. . . . This is her own public statement, her account of the people who came to her for supernatural advice, and what the advice really was—a singular footnote to a most singular chapter in our history. . . . AND HERE we are, left with hardly any room at all to tell you about other exciting features next week. For instance, The Story Behind Snow White's $10,000,000 Surprise Party; nor about How to Dress on $250 a Year, by Marjorie Hillis (the charming young lady of Live-Alone-and-Like-It fame). . . . And then there's Which Teams Will Win the Pennants This Year? giving opinions from five hundred leading sports writers, summarized by Jerry D. Lewis. . . . And the excellent short stories by Burke Boyce and Will F. Jenkins—as well as more of Governor Hoffman's revelations about the Hauptmann case, further confessions of Doctors Don't Tell, and soul-satisfying installments of the serials by Faith Baldwin and Elmer Davis. . . . Altogether, an issue overflowing with varied human interest.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

MAKE MORE MONEY—IMPROVE YOUR PERSONALITY—BE MORE POPULAR

IF you want to make more money, improve your personality or increase your popularity one of the books briefly described on this page is almost sure to be of service to you.

Each was written to fill a particular and well defined need. Each covers the subject with which it deals in a comprehensive, thorough and practical manner. All are substantially bound. If you are interested in one or more of them do not hesitate to place your order under our money back guarantee.

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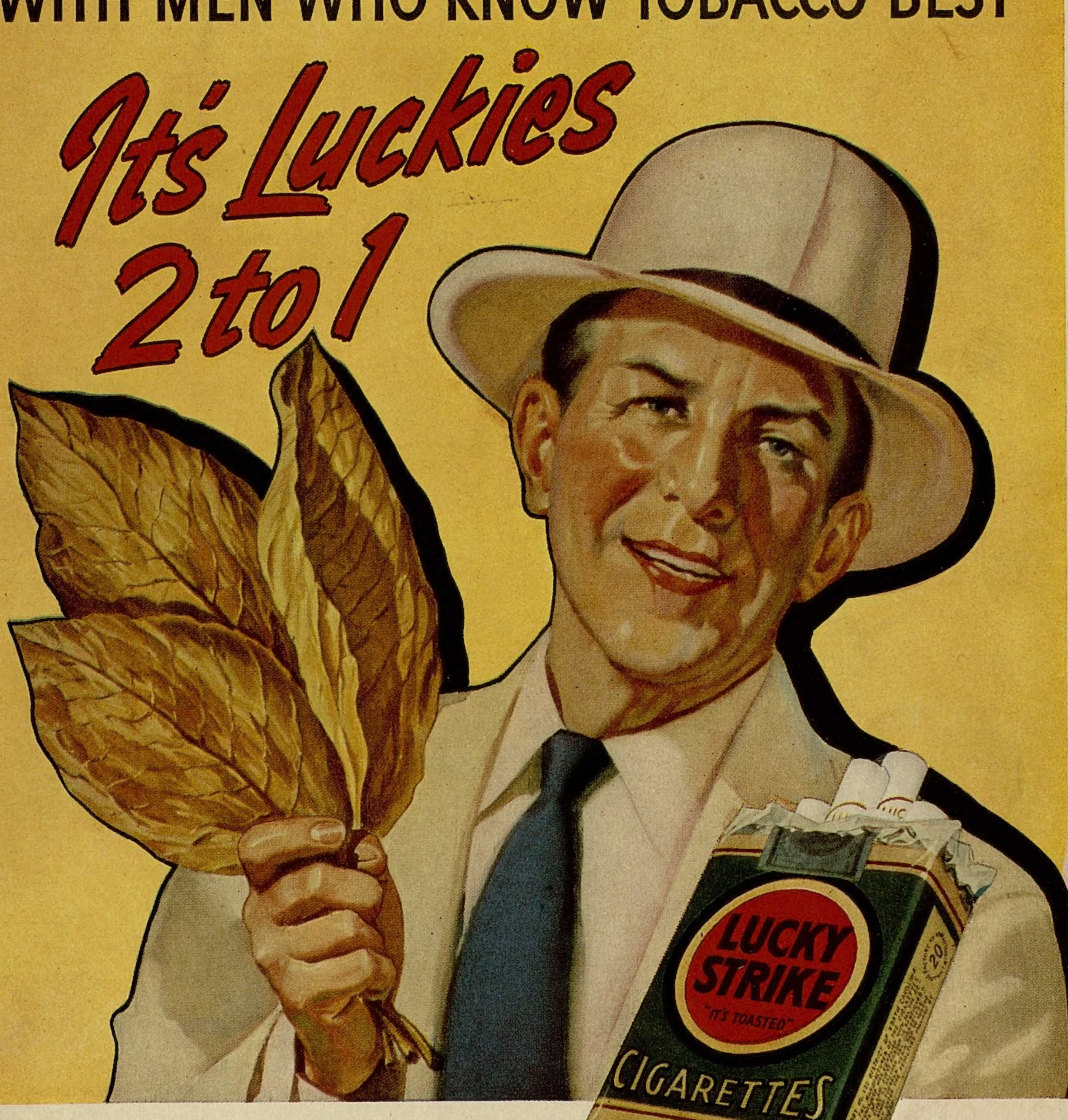

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